

OLD HADLEY
QUARTER MILLENNIAL

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OLD HADLEY
QUARTER MILLENNIAL
CELEBRATION

THE Celebration Committee, in asking me to edit this book, turned over a very voluminous mass of material. It has been impossible to use all this material within the limits of the space that financial reasons made necessary. I think, however, nothing essential has been omitted; and in the condensation, for which I am solely responsible, I believe I have retained a reasonably complete view of what was done and a fairly well-rounded record of what was said. For the descriptions of the daily proceedings and for certain of the addresses where the original manuscripts were not to be obtained, we are indebted to the admirable reports of the Springfield Republican.

Clifton Johnson.



General Goffe repulsing the Indians. — From an old print

OLD HADLEY QUARTER MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION 1909

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY *and*
WEDNESDAY — August 1-2-3 and 4

THE STORY OF THE FOUR
DAYS WITH THE VARIOUS
ADDRESSES AND NUMEROUS
ILLUSTRATIONS



THE F. A. BASSETTE COMPANY, *Printers*
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

T H E P R O G R A M

SUNDAY—MEMORIAL DAY

10:30 A. M. Anniversary sermons in all churches in Hadley and in daughter towns, all using the same text:—"Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors." John 4:38.

Solemn High Mass celebrated in St. John's Church.

10:45 A. M. Special service followed by Holy Communion in First Congregational Church.

Special service at the North Hadley Church followed by Memorial Service in the cemetery.

4:00 P. M. Commemoration Service, in tent on West Street. J. R. Callahan, Esq., Presiding Officer.

Selection by orchestra.

Invocation.

Anthem. "God of the Hills." Music composed for this occasion by Prof. R. E. Olmstead, words written by Miss Susan Woodbridge for the bi-centennial celebration.

Hymn. Words and music by Clarence Hawkes. Congregation standing.

Chorus. Gounod's Sanctus.

Address. Rev. Walter de Forest Johnson of Brooklyn.

Chorus. "Holy art thou," Handel's Largo.

Address. Ex-Mayor Theobald M. Connor of Northampton.

Chorus. "The Heavens are Telling," Haydn's Creation.

Benediction.

7:30 P. M. First Congregational Church. Vesper Service and Organ Recital given by Ralph Brigham of the First Congregational Church in Northampton.

St. John's Church. Vespers.

MONDAY—REUNION DAY

Morning. Registration of visitors at headquarters in Town Hall.

Historical Exhibit in the Center School Building, Art and Literature Exhibits in the Public Library.

Renewal of old acquaintances; views about town; pilgrimages to the cemetery; excursions to Mt. Holyoke, and to Mt. Tom and other places easily reached by electric cars.

Noon. Family gatherings on sites of ancestral homes.

Eastmans' headquarters at Mrs. George Clark's.

Dickinsons' headquarters near H. R. and E. L. Cook's.

Other groups scattered about town.

3:00 P. M. Joint Reunion in tent on West Street. Presiding Officer, Clarence B. Roote, Headmaster of the Northampton High School.

Tribute to Rev. John Russell. By Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Story and exhibition of a chair belonging to the Russell household and used by the Regicides. Rev. A. N. Somers, Montague.

Other addresses on topics of common interest.

7:30 P. M. Historical address by Hon. M. F. Dickinson at Amherst together with exercises in observance of the sesqui-centennial of the separation of that town from Hadley.

7:30 P. M. Reception and Dance of Hopkins Academy Alumni in the Town Hall. All persons who ever attended Hopkins Academy were invited.

THE PROGRAM—*Continued*

TUESDAY—THIRD DAY

9:30 A. M. Firemen's Muster.

Hose races between Hatfield and Hadley companies.

Various exhibits open.

2:30 P. M. Hopkins Academy observances.

Flag Raising and Presentation by Classes of '89 and '95.

Other Class Exercises.

Address by Hon. J. C. Hammond, President of the Board of Trustees, accepting class gifts and dedicating building.

Building opened for public inspection.

4:00 P. M. Baseball game on new field between Academy and Alumni teams.

7:30 P. M. Patriotic Rally. Hon. R. W. Irwin of Northampton, Chairman.

Reception at which Posts of G. A. R., Chapters of S. A. R. and D. A. R., Camps of S. of V. and ladies' organizations associated with them were invited to meet the members of the Hooker Association of Massachusetts.

Address by Judge Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield on Hadley in the Colonial Wars.

Address by Judge Henry Stockbridge of Baltimore on Hadley in the Revolution.

D. A. R. address by Mrs. James G. Dunning, State Regent.

Address on behalf of Hooker Association by the Rev. A. St. John Chambré, D.D., Surgeon of 8th N. J. Infantry of Hooker's Division.

WEDNESDAY—LAST DAY

9:30 A. M. Street Pageant. L. R. Smith, Chief Marshal.

Division one: Floats depicting events in Hadley History.

Division two: Floats contributed by daughter and sister towns.

Division three: Ancient modes of travel.

Division four: Hadley of today: societies and industries.

Division five: Decorated carriages.

Division six: Decorated automobiles.

11:00 A. M. Anniversary exercises. Presiding officer of the day, Judge Henry Stockbridge.

Invocation.

Address of welcome by O. W. Prouty, for the Selectmen.

Greetings from the State of Massachusetts. Lieut.-Governor Louis A. Frothingham.

Greetings from Hadleigh, England.

Historical Address by President W. E. Huntington of Boston University.

A Song of Hadley. Words by Mrs. Julia Taft Bayne. Music by Clifton Johnson.

Poem. John Howard Jewett.

1:00 P. M. Dinner.

Concert by Stevens Band.

2:30 P. M. Speeches in the tent by representatives of mother, sister and daughter towns and by other distinguished guests.

OLD HADLEY QUARTER MILLENNIAL

SUNDAY—MEMORIAL DAY

OLD Hadley opened its 250th anniversary celebration with a fitting program in the presence of many thousands of friendly visitors and returning sons and daughters. The streets and the homesteads have been placed in their most attractive condition, and there has been tasteful and effective decorative treatment of the streets and public and private buildings. The chief points of decoration are at the four corners which mark the entrances to the town from the east and west. Between these points extends Russell Street, which is overhung with lines of flags and banners, that mingle with the abundant foliage of the thick-set rows of trees on either side, and present a striking effect of holiday welcome. Houses all along the line of march on Middle Street, North Lane and West Street have been appropriately decked for the occasion. No decorative treatment of the two wide streets of the old town could be attempted, or desired. West Street, known far and wide as the "Hadley broad street," is one of the most famous rural streets in the world for its width and the beauty of its great elms. This street will stand during the celebration, as at all times, as a chief attraction and glory of Old Hadley. Its width is 20 rods, and the astonishment of strangers may be imagined when they hear the street-car conductors calling both the east side and the west side of West Street. To alight on the wrong side of this street is quite a serious matter in the entailment of extra steps.

West Street is the center of the celebration proceedings. The great celebration tent, having a capacity of 2500 people, has been erected in the midst of the green south of the junction with Russell Street, and above and below it have sprung up numerous smaller tents, which are used for the serving of refreshments, headquarters of various interests, and reunion points for several old Hadley families.

The influx of celebration visitors began early. There were crowds of curiosity seekers, besides the many who arrived from distant places to remain throughout the celebration. The morning services of the two churches were attended by audiences which overflowed the historic First Church and St. John's Roman Catholic Church. In the former the pastor preached a sermon reviewing the early history of the church. In the latter high mass was celebrated by Rev. T. P. O'Connor of Northampton, and a sermon was preached by Rev. Charles L. O'Brien of St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, who took occasion to speak of the lesson of good citizenship called to mind by the celebration. Mrs. John R. Callahan had charge of the music.

As the hour approached for the opening event in the celebration tent, which was held at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the street railway line began to cope with an overwhelming rush. Cars were started from Northampton every 15 minutes, going as frequently as the turnouts would permit, and carried loads which overflowed on the running boards. Automobiles and carriages passed over the bridge in constant procession, and from Amherst and all the regions of Hadley there was a steady flow of visitors in every kind of vehicle.

The meeting was a commemoration service, at which the historic glory of Hadley and New England was reviewed. The number in the tent was estimated at 2000, and hundreds of others heard the program from carriages and automobiles grouped about the tent. J. R. Callahan of Hadley presided, and the director of the music was Ralph H. Brigham of Northampton. The singing was by a large chorus of musicians from Hadley and the neighboring towns, numbering about 100, and the instrumental music was by an orchestra of 25 pieces, also drawn from Hadley and the vicinity towns. The first of the vocal numbers was a festival anthem, "God of the Hills." This anthem has attracted the attention of all musicians who have heard it, because of its beauty and harmony. The words were written by Miss Susan Woodbridge, daughter of Dr. Woodbridge, former pastor of the First Church in Hadley, and were used in connection with the 200th anniversary celebration of the town. They have been put to music for this occasion by Prof. R. E. Olmstead of Smith College. The hymn, "God of Our Fathers," the words and music of which were composed by Clarence Hawkes, the blind poet, followed the address of the presiding officer.

The chairman then announced a surprise number, which did not appear on the program and introduced Harold H. Wells of Lawrenceville, N. J. Mr. Wells said that it was his privilege to announce to the assemblage that his grandfather, William A. Baker of Lawrenceville, N. J., thereby presented to the First Church of



The interior of the big tent



At the corner of West and Russell Streets



The day before

Hadley a clock to be placed in the tower of the edifice in memory of his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Reynolds Baker. Mrs. Baker was for many years a member of the Hadley First Church and had often expressed a desire to attend the 250th anniversary celebration, as she had attended the 200th anniversary celebration. But her departure from this life had occurred last September. The announcement by Mr. Wells was received with enthusiasm, and Dr. F. H. Smith, chairman of the celebration committee, called for three cheers for the Hadley town clock, which were given with a will.

The celebration is in the hands of a list of committees, which have been engaged in well-organized work for several months.

The list follows:—

Executive—Dr. F. H. Smith (chairman), E. S. Allen (secretary and treasurer), O. W. Prouty, R. M. Smith and James Byron.

Genealogical—Mrs. R. L. Cook (chairman), Mrs. A. E. Cook, Mrs. Reuben Bell, Mrs. F. S. Reynolds.

Invitation—Miss Agnes Ayres (chairman), Mrs. H. F. Cook, Miss Mary Callahan, Miss Bertha Montague, Miss Jennie Richardson.

Street improvement—R. S. Gaylord, (chairman) James Byron, Edward Lyons, A. S. Searle, Frank Pelissier, James Pendergast, A. J. Randall, J. A. Crosier, Robert McQueston.

Parade—Clarence Hawkes (chairman), A. C. Howe, G. Fred Pelissier, E. J. Aldrich, Franklin Heald, L. R. Smith, Mrs. E. S. Johnson, John Field, R. M. Smith, W. T. Ryan, Frank Pelissier.

Press—Clifton Johnson (chairman), F. E. Heald.

Art exhibit—Elbridge Kingsley (chairman).

Hospitality—Mrs. Homer F. Cook (chairman), Miss Emily Aldrich, Miss Laura Cook, Miss Mary Gates, Lawrence Randall.

Music—Homer F. Cook (chairman), J. Maxwell Clark, James Connelly, Miss Nellie Scanlon, A. S. Searle, Mrs. E. P. West, Mrs. William Phillips.

Historical exhibit—Mrs. F. H. Smith (chairman), Mrs. R. M. Smith, Mrs. J. W. Clark, Miss Elizabeth Thayer, Mrs. C. P. Wood, Miss Jennie West, A. J. Randall, A. S. Doyle, Henry Cook, Emerson Searle.

Official Photographer—J. M. Clark.

HISTORICAL SERMON

Preached in the First Church by the pastor, Rev. Thomas A. Emerson

Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.—JOHN 4:38.

Our fathers built this town and made it the unit of our political life as a state. We have been constructing a wonderful nation, and our commonwealth has had a large share in its up-building.

It is fortunate for our local history that it had such a student and antiquarian as Mr. Sylvester Judd; a man of fine intellectual power, of humor, of imagination, of tender sensibility to the influence of nature, and plentifully endowed with the habit of patient research and carefulness in details. We owe much also to the Rev. Rowland Ayres, who during forty years of labor for this people had the historic spirit deeply stirred within him.

But, while we are thankful to these men for gathering this material, we ask now what is the essential and primary significance of the story of Hadley? What was it that made Hadley an important and large part of all that the state has meant to the world?

Let us consider the condition of affairs in Connecticut which led our fathers to leave their comfortable homes to establish a town and church in this wilderness. Two causes may be mentioned. The first concerns the rights of the minority in the First Church in Hartford. The question was as to the choice of a pastor. Meetings were held and the majority did not allow the candidate of the minority to be voted for. Doubtless there were faults on each side. After a protracted season of strife, the minority withdrew and planned to come to Massachusetts. A second cause of removal is seen in the church in Wethersfield. A debate arose as to the Lord's Supper. The town or ecclesiastical society held that respectable persons not having any religious experience might partake of it, and secure baptism for their children. The pastor, Mr. Russell, and a large majority of the church opposed this view, holding that the sacrament was only for those who knew something of the redeeming love of God through Jesus Christ. The town adhered to their opinion, refused all material aid to the church and declared the pulpit vacant. As the General Court decided that there could not be a rival religious organization in that town, nothing remained but to leave; and so Rev. John Russell and eight members of the church started in May, 1659, on the journey to this place.

In the course of that summer and the next spring the contingent from Hartford arrived. Here our early fathers contended for a full discussion, the rights of a minority and a pure church.

Think now of the position of this new colony. There was no town north of us at the time of incorporation, and this was a frontier settlement for many years with all that it involved of anxiety and want and loneliness.

It is a matter of some interest to note the average age of the settlers in 1659. John Russell was 32; Samuel Gardner, 44; Chiliab Smith, 24; Richard Montague, 45; Aaron Cook, 19; John Marsh, 39; Samuel Porter, 30; Joseph Kellogg, 32. There were older men

such as Richard Goodman, 50, but the average age was 33 years and that is called the full vigor of early middle life.

From the very first our fathers planned for worship. They met each Sunday in a private house and paid a tax for the maintenance of the minister. For the purpose of building a house for God committees were appointed in 1661, the frame was raised, a little work was done each year, and in 1670 it was ready for use. It stood on the green in West Street near the north end. This meeting house was used for 44 years, when a second one was built. It was on the same street, placed on the spot where steam cars now pass daily. For 94 years the people worshipped in it. Then the third meeting house on West Street was dedicated. It was moved to this spot in 1840 and is one of the historic buildings of Massachusetts. Long may the people gather within its walls for worship, being helped on to God and righteousness!

The first five ministers of the town were Russell, Chauncey, Williams, Hopkins and Woodbridge, whose pastorate extended to 1830. Of these, John Russell is the most widely known. He was born in England, and graduated at Harvard College, his rank being fourth in a class of seven. He was 22 years old when he began to preach at Wethersfield, spending ten fruitful years in that town. Then pastor and people came to Hadley where he labored till his death in 1692. As a pastor he was active and faithful. As a thinker he had strong convictions, and he was able to put his thoughts in sinewy English and make his points very clear. He was greatly honored by the State, being chosen to preach the Election Sermon before the Governor and General Court in 1665. What constancy, what fearlessness he manifested in making a home for the Regicides when a price was set on their heads, and his own life would have been forfeited if once the agents of the King got on his track!

He was followed by Isaac Chauncey, who for fifty years "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." He was a graduate of Harvard College, in rank being first in a class of fifteen. At 25 he began his pastorate in Hadley and his long service continued to 1745. He is described as a good scholar, an orator of more than usual gifts, very earnest in the pulpit and accustomed to put pathos into sermons.

Mr. Chauncey was a liberal theologian, and more than once he invited the distinguished orator from England, Rev. George Whitefield, to preach in Hadley. We are told that the leading men in some near towns would not allow Whitefield to preach there, but many people came to Northampton and Hadley to hear him. He had a rich, magnificent voice of great compass, so that on the day in October that he preached in Hadley, he was heard in Hatfield.

After Mr. Chauncey comes Chester Williams. He was a graduate of Yale, 23 years old, plain in speech in the pulpit and in conversation. But he was so earnest as a preacher and was so active in the parish that the people esteemed him for the work's sake.

Next came Samuel Hopkins, a graduate of Yale, beginning his work here at 26. He was slow of speech in the pulpit and without gesture; but his social qualities were such as won the people, and made him a welcome guest in every home in town. His conversation was full of wit, yet though he could be facetious he never was undignified. For fifty-five years he was the shepherd of this flock. If he possessed little of the popular element of that imaginative fervor which glows with inward fire and sweeps its way through a sermon on radiant wing, he was always clear and sagacious as a reasoner and sound in judgment.

As colleague with Dr. Hopkins during the last year of his life, Mr. John Woodbridge was ordained in 1810. After graduating with first honors at Williams College he studied law with Jonathan Porter, Esq., on West Street, and later in the office of Hon. George Bliss of Springfield. But neither legal nor political honors in prospect satisfied him. He had a stirring within him which turned mind and heart toward the pastorate, and after studying theology, Mr. Woodbridge began his pastorate at the age of twenty-five.

He had a strong, penetrating intellect, a retentive memory, a ready command of language and a fertile imagination, refined by culture. Energetic in delivery and sometimes passionate he made every one feel his earnestness and sincerity.

Dr. Woodbridge found this church rather small in congregation and in membership, and weak in interest. When he left this pastorate for New York City, there were 418 names on the roll, and the house was full of people. His reputation as a preacher had gone far and wide. He was often invited to preach at Williams College and at Amherst College and without doubt he was the keenest thinker and ablest preacher in this part of the state.

These five ministers of the town were able and noble men. The work left by these pastors was taken up by Dr. Brown and others, especially by Dr. Ayres—a man among men.

Notice now some services rendered by this church and town to the state. The first three quarters of a century in the life of this church fell upon times of intense religious discussion relating to church polity. In some of these discussions Mr. Russell took a prominent part, and also Mr. Chauncey. The words they spoke, and the part they took exerted a great influence in the colony.

This town and church rendered good service in the French and Indian wars. A frontier town for many years, the people of Hadley



Indians deed land



Log schoolhouse

knew what danger was, and their courage and sacrificing spirit were equal to any emergency. The battle of Bunker Hill roused the farmers of this village and soon many men were on their way to Cambridge. From Bennington to Yorktown men from this church and town faithfully followed the armies of Washington to victory.

No less in the Civil War did this congregation and town do service for the State and Nation.

Now I ask the question: what were the causes at work making possible the settlement of this town and its service to the State?

First, above all: The inspiration and guidance of Almighty God. He was their hope; their guide in the wilderness; their shield, their fortress, their high tower.

Second. The struggle in England for a constitutional government and a pure church made our fathers strong for liberty, made them earnest in faith.

Third. The fact that this settlement was far from the seacoast, away from the great centers of vital touch and thinking made this people self-reliant.

Fourth. The scenery of this valley—who can deny its influence upon those men and women? These eternal mountains, these fertile meadows and uplands responding so fully to the plough and hoe, furnishing abundant food for man and beast; stately trees; the cold of winter, the heat of summer—God spoke through all, influencing heart and mind.

So may it ever be. May children and children's children find this house a Bethel where God dwells, ever looking upon this beautiful world as instinct with God, and thus be led to hearty faith in Jesus Christ and to holy noble lives.

ADDRESS INTRODUCING THE AFTERNOON SPEAKERS

By J. R. Callahan, Esq.

If we survey the history of mankind we will find that all races or branches of the human family have assembled on certain and regular occasions to call up the past, to recount the deeds of their ancestors, to pay tribute to their glorious achievements and to draw from them some lessons of inspiration for the future. It is a law of nature, as universal as the world itself; for all people seem impelled now and then to rest from their worldly labors, to renew the scenes of their childhood, and learn the manner and deeds of their kind who have won fame and honor in the battle of life and left their footprints in the sands of time. These customs have been observed in every land where liberty has found a home. In distant Scotland

where the heather blooms and the bluebells hang from the ruined castle tower; in old England where the blush of the rose is seen on the maiden's cheek; and in Ireland where for centuries her people have kept the memory of her patriots as green as nature has kept the land itself. Therefore the occasion which calls us together is one interesting to us all.

Hadley, like many another old New England town has sent forth much that is best in American character, life and spirit. New England's sons have become the pioneers and founders of great states and industries. The wealth of New England has built the railroads, developed the mines, built up the great cities and cultivated the prairies of the West, whose products have made the nation rich and great. We may well say to our Western friends, "When you were young and struggling, we fed and nursed you. Today, we expect your good will, and that the stream of manhood and wealth should turn in its course back over the rugged mountains and valleys and seek once more its home."

There is none "with soul so dead" as not to be moved today by the inspiring thought that this is his own, his native town. But patriotism is not a narrow affection for the place where we were born. It is not a preference for the meadows, green fields, broad streets and stately trees, the rivers and mountains that delighted our youth. It is rather an ideal. It observes all social laws, because they are virtuous, because we see in them the image of our country's honor. There may be more true heroism in great catastrophies of fire and flood, of plague and famine, than in conflicts of arms; so there may be a patriotism not merely worshipful of the government, but considerate of the individual and social life of the community. It is the earnest, faithful and honest man in everyday life, who has made our country great. The victories of the colonists will be forgotten long before their sacrifice and devotion to principle have gone from our memories.

The patriots of old were men of God. The first town meeting in the cabin of the Mayflower opened with prayer, and that honored custom has been preserved to the present day. Over the combatants of Louisburg, the waving banner had inscribed upon it a sacred device. The battle of Ticonderoga was won in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress. The Liberty Bell had engraved upon it a text of scripture. The men of Lexington before the fight knelt in their farmhouses to pray, and the Continentals fought with Bibles in their knapsacks. So the godliness which exalteth a nation has come down to us from them as a sacred heritage and an inspiration and incentive to a patriotism which has been an embodiment of all that is best and highest in morals and religion.

When you return to the old town today you see many homes of the early settlers occupied by aliens and the children of aliens. The descendants of the early settlers have been called elsewhere to perform life's duties. I think there is no cause for alarm on account of this change. We may well recall the words of Patrick Henry uttered in a Virginia convention a century and a quarter ago in suggesting the course for this country to pursue. He said, "Our land is covered with great forests, the earth is loaded with rich treasures hidden in its bosom, which must be developed, its forests must be cleared away and the lumber made into ships to afford a means of transportation for our products to foreign nations and in defending us from foreign foes. Our mines must be developed, our waters made navigable; but how are we to do these things? We must have men. How are we to get them? Open our doors and they will come in. Thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions are standing upon tiptoes looking with anxious and wistful eyes towards us, longing to enter this land of opportunity, to leave the land where they have been held in bondage for years."

His advice was followed. How true has been his prophecy as to the results. Thousands upon thousands came to every city and town, and American citizens have been made of them equal to the best. Immigration is not to be feared. It is the character of immigration that we should guard. This country has always been the home for the ambitious, liberty loving, downtrodden people of every nation. They have come to this town in large numbers for the last seventy-five years and more, and have helped to build it up, doing their share towards its maintenance. They came here with the same objects in view that the early settlers came with, and they worked hard and made the most of their opportunities. But this country should not be made an asylum of the criminal and diseased. With these evils eliminated, however, the doorways to this country should be kept wide open.

Love of one's own town is one of the noblest motives underlying good citizenship. The origin and growth of a New England town like Hadley, with its old dwellings, its mountains, rivers and meadows, its ancient elms and broad streets, its heirlooms and antiques, is a subject interesting to us all. Your parents and mine left to us a sacred heritage when they left us a home in this town, and we should prove ourselves worthy sons and daughters of worthy sires. We have inherited liberty of thought, the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and their noble examples will always be an inspiration to us. Nor shall their work be for naught, nor the reward of their sacrifices fail them, for high in the firmament of human destiny are set the stars of faith in mankind

and unselfish courage and loyalty to the ideal. And while these virtues shine, the work begun two hundred and fifty years ago and so well carried on to the present day, will never fail, and the memory of their Americanism, their patriotism, will be saved from the destroying hand of time.

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE TOWN

By Rev. Walter de Forest Johnson

Rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Students of the life of the plants and flowers tell us that they are distributed over the face of the earth by means of the wafting winds which carry the seeds for miles through the air. Sometimes the seed is borne on feathery wings; often the fine and light material that speeds them on is of balloon-like structure. Birds of the air are said to transport them in their long flights across the country, and the four corners of our hemisphere have thus an established mode of intercommunion and interchange of fructifying principles. By means of these various channels of communication there is set forward a principle that makes for diversity as well as likeness, and the whole scheme is for the better fructifying and carpeting of the land with the fruits and grasses and flowers.

In similar ways are the trees of our forests transplanted. The germ in the acorn, the pollen that flies into the bud and brings life in plant and flower and tree; the bee that while busy about his business of gathering his winter store of food, dusts with his pollen-covered wings the interior of the calyx, each and all illustrate the many and secret ways in which the influences proceeding from the towns and villages of New England have made the land to blossom and to flower with the ideals of freedom and equality under the law, that have been the peculiar possession of this section of our great country.

The old towns themselves seem not to have progressed in any marked degree in the line of what we call modern progress. Their work in this direction was finished more than a hundred years ago. Yet, throughout the length and breadth of the United States, across the seas, yes, around the world are felt and followed the influences, formative and inspirational, that here had their birth.

Though the roof-tree no longer may cover the descendants of the early settlers and though an alien people may come and take possession of the field and farm, still is the work which was done here no less potent; the sound of the voice no less clear than if those heroic figures strode our venerable and historic streets and with

their kindly hospitality and dignified yet gracious mien cheered our hearts by their veritable presence amongst us today.

The religious and political ideals that were here fostered are a "possession forever" of all the American people. The deeds of heroic sacrifice with which these homes were won in the heart of a wilderness, and in constant peril from a savage foe, and despite the hard conditions of mere existence, the patience and self-denial in the face of every danger and discouragement, all these have not perished, nor can they perish. The Old Hadley spirit lives and leavens the mass of the people of the whole land. It resides not merely in this lovely valley; it lurks not hidden in the orchard and haunts not the venerable houses, but it makes its influence felt in unseen and unsuspected ways. Though the details of historic fact may pass from the memory of man, yet upon the tablets of the human soul the spirit of the elder time is impressed, as upon imperishable bronze, and continues to win its victories and gain its due measure of reward.

A recent celebration of national interest has recalled a book which is of comparatively recent date and written by a distinguished Frenchman entitled "Anglo Saxon Superiority." In this book the writer points out the radical differences between the Celtic and the Saxon character in dealing with the occupation of the new world and other colonial territories. The Frenchman was the explorer, the gallant and intrepid adventurer. He lived by the chase and he grasped with open hand at large stretches of land, only to lose them again on account of the inherent weakness of his own native characteristics in dealing with such problems. He dreamed of wide empires for France, and glory undimmed for her name, and power reaching round the world. He was bold and daring, brilliant in perception and understanding, yet, in administration he failed, because of the fact that he was not a home builder, his grasp upon his new possessions was wide but not sure. He was a soldier of France filled with hopes of glory; he was a priest burning with zeal for the salvation of barbaric souls; he was a scientist willing and ready to die for the truth; lastly he became an official, content with the details of administration, rather than occupied with the real labors of colonization. And so he failed and still fails to profit by his genius for discovery and his power of supreme self-sacrifice.

The Saxon, however, was a true home builder and tiller of the ground. He raised the roof-tree of the farm, he allotted the land, his grasp upon the soil was firm and sure. Where he built his home there we find him and his descendants after him from generation to generation. His progress was necessarily slow, but it was that of the glacier; what he once gained, that he held with inexorable grasp.

He established centers of civilizing influence; he built churches and schools; he founded towns and cities; he felled the forests and erected homes, farms, mills; he made lasting abodes, he established permanent governments. In all this work we see displayed a grim determination which nothing but death itself could possibly alter.

It was a religious motive that impelled these early settlers of our own lovely valley to leave their homes and firesides in the mother country. It was the impulse of a political creed in the process of formation that made their arms grow strong in the pursuit of their high purposes. Under the influence of the "Great Awakening" in Europe there took place a readjustment of the old and worn-out interpretations of the spirit of the Christian religion, which could not be confined by the conservatism of the powers that then were. And so our forefathers sought in this new and unknown land a scope for the expansion of their religious ideals and political hopes. Far from all disturbing and opposing factors they built a new nation, they erected a new church, untrammelled by the archaic political ideas of the old world and freed from the prevailing narrowness of vision of the home church.

And in the doing of this great work they not only established their ideals in the hearts and minds of the people who were to come after them here in the western hemisphere, but there came also an influence like some great reactionary wave which cast itself back again upon the home land and reached far into the interior of the continent of Europe, bearing purifying and ennobling influences upon its crest.

The first settlers of old Hadley came from Hartford, Connecticut, where they with others had established themselves in 1635, to this then far-off section in a spirit of protest against the tendency toward increasing liberalism in the church at Hartford. A true theocracy was what they sought, one fixed and determined in every possible particular by the leading of the Holy Bible. The scriptures were still comparatively new as open books to the world of unlettered men. And in their acceptance of them as the word of God and as containing all things necessary to salvation in another world, they also firmly regarded them as the infallible guide of human society and of the State. They exercised their new-found right of private judgment to the extreme, and it was therefore natural that divisions of opinion should soon arise. Yet out of these very divisions and differences and the tenacity with which they were held, came the widening of the occupation of the lands and the building of the several commonwealths.

It strikes the modern mind as peculiar that men should have made so much of differences of opinion about matters that seem to

us nowadays of small concern. We are not surprised to find that the descendants of the very men who once found Hartford too liberal in less than 100 years found Northampton too narrow. The men who came here on account of their stricter notions as to what constituted the right to the privileges of baptism and church communion would have no doubt been shocked at the laxity of their grandchildren on the very point which had been formerly at issue.

But it was that they might have the privilege of ordering their church affairs according to the light of their own understandings and interpretations of Holy Writ that these men left the homes and lands which they had only shortly before acquired in Hartford and went forth to find a new home further in the heart of the wilderness. And so at last we find them selecting this garden spot amidst the glory of its surrounding hills, with the winding Connecticut ever lapping their fertile fields, here establishing their town site and their homes and their church and their school and ordering all upon the basis of the rules of church government which their congregation deemed scriptural and true, in the early year of 1659.

For the first 152 years of the town's history the church had only four settled pastors to rule over it and guide the little settlement on its way. The position of these ministers of the elder towns was somewhat unique. Here was a social center of civic activity in which all the free men must by law be members of the church. Church membership alone conferred the right of suffrage in the town meeting. This of necessity placed the parson, generally one of the best educated men in the town, in a position of advanced leadership. The congregation rose when he entered the meeting house. He was not called Reverend, but Mr. His voice aroused the settlers to their high tasks, educational and churchly as well. He corresponded with the Council of the State and with the Governor about the affairs of the settlement. He warned of the perils daily growing more imminent on account of the increasing hostility of the savage tribes of bloodthirsty Indians that surrounded them on every hand. He protested against the interference of the Crown with the progress of local self-government. He applied the spur to the people in their corporate life, was a stimulus in all their enterprises, and the guide and mentor of their moral and civic, as well as spiritual lives.

No more fortunate choice of a minister to preside over the town under such conditions could have been made than was made in the selection of the Rev. John Russell, one of the early graduates of Harvard College, who served 33 years as the pastor of the congregation. As the great historian of Hadley, Sylvester Judd, says, "Mr. Russell at Wethersfield, his first charge, was ardent and resolute, and sometimes indiscreet. He had warm friends and powerful

opposers. At Hadley he appears to have been an active and faithful pastor. His firmness and decision of character are seen in his persevering efforts in favor of the Hopkins School. His fearlessness and constancy were manifested in his protection and concealment for many years of Whalley and Goffe, whom he truly viewed as sufferers in the cause of civil liberty."

How well this faithfulness and devotion was rewarded, and the subterfuges and hardships of these concealed and miserable men, who were suffering for a principle, were justified is shown by the well known and remarkable deliverance of the people in an hour of grave peril of the Indians, by General Goffe who came from his retirement long enough to warn and direct the terrified settlers, and who went back again to his place of concealment in such a deft and quiet way as to make the people believe that the venerable man with his long, white beard was an angel sent of God, who had delivered them from the cruel hands of their adversaries.

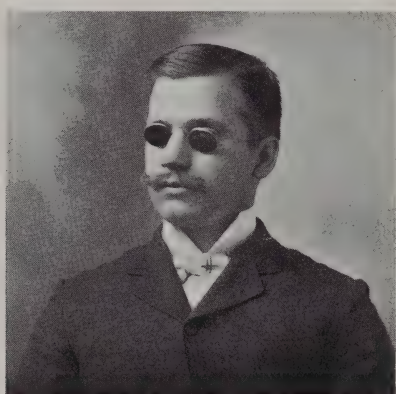
The ministers were given their share of the town lots and their manse. They conducted their estates in much the same way their neighbors did. They were paid good salaries for the times in the produce of the land, at the charge of the whole community. How closely the people followed the language of the Bible in their religious services is seen in the fact that the marriage ceremony was conducted for many years without religious sanction and that the burial of the dead was without either scripture reading or prayer on the ground that no justification could be found for these practices of the Church in the old world in the Holy Scriptures, and so they deprived themselves of the sanction of the one and the comfort of the other. But without the sanction of the Church in the service of marriage there was but one divorce granted by the courts of Hampshire in early times, and that was a separation of two negroes.

The sort of help that ministers had from their leading laymen may be seen from the fine expression of Mr. John Pyncheon who wrote to Mr. Russell with reference to an early trouble connected with the administration of the Hopkins School. Mr. Tilton said that "(A certain policy which Mr. Russell and Mr. Pyncheon jointly advocated) would kindle such a flame as would not be quenched. But if to do right and secure the public welfare, kindle a flame, the will of the Lord be done."

In structure the first church was a simple, square, frame building, the interior plain and unadorned, with a few box pews along the wall and many narrow and very hard seats. There was no provision made for many years for heating the building in the winter time and the noise of shuffling feet in the galleries was often heard. These galleries were added some time after the structure was built for the



Hooker's farewell to his mother



Clarence Hawkes, Chairman of Parade Committee



Mounted Indians

accommodation of the boys and girls. The negroes sat over the gallery stairs, the male on one side and the female on the other. The sexes throughout the church were separated until the middle of the 18th century. The deacons had the post of honor under the pulpit, which had a towering sounding board that rose high above filling the hearts of the children with curiosity and fear lest it should fall and carry destruction to all upon whom it fell.

Much difficulty was found in the ordering of the seating arrangements in the Church. This was usually referred to a committee and if their report did not bring satisfaction the matter was referred to the town meeting and then if an agreement was not possible, another committee was appointed and so on until at last a compromise that suited all parties was reached.

The church was not only the meeting place of the people of the town for their political discussions, but it furnished in its garret a storage room for their stock of gunpowder, and it stood in the place of the modern newspaper as well—the sermon of the pastor furnishing the editorial page, and the interchange of gossip as the people met affording their best means of learning the news, domestic and foreign. The bulletins on the church door told of the latest happenings, and the horse blocks from which the ladies mounted their steeds were centers of bustling social activity as the congregation left the church.

In the motherland the seeds had already been sown that were bringing forth the fruit of desire for a new and separate country. The spirit of independence waxed stronger and more ardent. The protests of the towns against the encroachment and pretension of the Crown were voiced by their leaders. In the petition of Mr. Russell to the General Court April 25, 1665, he says, "We have a right to choose our own governors, make and live under our own laws. Our liberties and privileges herein as men we prize, and would hold them as our lives; this makes us freemen and not slaves."

It is gratifying to be able to note that Hadley was not sorely disturbed with the witchcraft delusion which infected New England to some extent. This, as many think, had its origin in the Papal bull of Innocent 8th in the year 1484, and it swept with gathering force over Europe. In the two centuries that it raged it is estimated that 100,000 persons lost their lives through this craze. The people of Hadley were too well stocked with common sense to share it to any great extent, and we record with pride that in the whole of New England not so many perished as in a single county in the motherland. Hampshire never executed a single person on the charge of witchcraft. When the juries found against the defendant in such causes, the wise and tolerant magistrates were more often in the

mood to reverse than to confirm their conclusions. True, a number of brisk lads did "disturb Mary Webster" but she lived eleven years "after they hung her up and buried her in the snow."

The first meeting house met the demands upon it until the year 1713, when it was resolved to build a new one, 50 feet in length and 40 feet in breadth, with a flattish roof and a balcony at one end. A steeple "built up from the ground" was the crowning glory of the whole edifice, the first in Hampshire. The building was put up on the street opposite the town lot on which three ministers have lived, Williams, Hopkins and Woodbridge. The cock which still surmounts the weathervane of the third meeting house is believed to have been first put up when the spire of the second house was added: "He kept his lofty station and was removed from the West to the Middle Street in 1841."

The second minister of Hadley, Mr. Isaac Chauncey, began to preach in July, 1695. He was also a graduate of Harvard College and continued in active service until the year of his death, 1738. We know few of the facts of his ministry, save that he was studious in his habits and attentive to his duties. He evidently led a peaceable and quiet life amongst the people of Hadley. History is made in times of storm. It is the period of rest and prosperity, and often of the very best work, that finds few recorders. His obituary reads, "Here lies interred the body of the Rev. Isaac Chauncey, Pastor of the first church of Christ in Hadley, who was of a truly peaceable and catholic spirit, a good scholar, an eloquent orator, an able divine, a lively, pathetic preacher, a burning and shining light in this candlestick, an exemplary Christian, an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile." What better story of a well spent life could we find than this tribute to his memory which has about it a ring of sincerity and love.

The Rev. Chester Williams was a graduate of Yale College, and he became the minister in 1740. Tradition ascribes to him energy of character and earnestness as a preacher. He is said to have used plainness of speech, both in the pulpit and private conversation. A tale bearer he sends away, telling him that if he have come to bear tales, there are two doors leading from the room and he might take which one he chose. Mr. Williams was a member of the Council that dismissed Mr. Edwards from Northampton. The difference was over the question of the Holy Communion, as to whether it was a converting ordinance or not, and now we find the Hadley church taking the position that it had fled from a hundred years before and holding that persons who had not knowledge of their own conversion might be admitted to the same. Edwards took the stricter position which had been their own at one time.

Mr. Williams was visited with a grievous sickness and died at the early age of 36 in the 13th year of his ministry. He was a man of good estate, rode the best horse in town, was attentive to his dress and personal appearance. His wearing apparel was appraised at 34 pounds 10 shillings, or about \$115, and was quite a wardrobe for the times, including such vanities as gold sleeve buttons, silver knee, shoe, and stock buckles, 2 gold rings, a tobacco box, and a snuff box, 17 pairs of stockings, 2 hats, 4 wigs, 4 pairs of gloves, 7 shirts, 6 neckcloths, 3 cotton handkerchiefs, etc.

His successor, the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, married the widow of his predecessor. Dr. Hopkins was a graduate of Yale and served in Hadley 54 continuous years. He was a man of economical habits and a good manager. He made his salary of \$222 a year go far in bringing up his numerous family, educated a son at college, and at the same time added to his estate. The old people of Hadley in the early part of the last century who remembered him spoke of him with the utmost respect. In the pulpit he was dull and languid, but in the homes of the people he was a popular favorite, many kept a pipe for him at their home, and his presence was ever welcome. As he walked about the town he carried with him such an amount of gravity and dignity as inspired all, juvenile beholders especially, with awe. Yet he loved a timely joke and it mattered little whether the laugh was with him or against him. He used to tell such as this on himself: On visiting an invalid, he said to him, "It is a long time since you have been able to attend meeting, would you not like to have the neighbors called in and have me preach a lecture at your house?"

The invalid replied, "I should indeed, for I have not been able for a long time to get any sleep, and I know from much experience that your preaching will give me material aid in this respect."

The building of the third meeting house in 1808 and the death of the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D.D., in the year 1811 mark the closing epoch of the life of Old Hadley. With these events we come down to modern times when our grandmothers and grandfathers were making their laborious way through the village streets to Hopkins School, or when with bursting shout they joyously flocked out again to enjoy the freedom of these wide spaces for unrestrained play in the shade of the overarching elms.

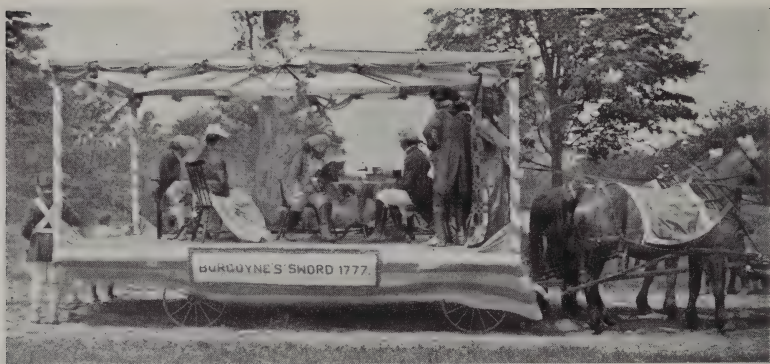
The events which led to the separation of the congregation and the building of the later meeting houses are of comparatively too recent occurrence to demand our attention. Our thoughts today are chiefly directed to that elder time when the congregation was coterminous with the town, when there was one church, one pastor, one purpose. True there were divisions and very strong ones in

the elder time. The more wealthy men formed a class by themselves, supported by many of the middle class. It was the corporation against the common people then as now, but the town meeting furnished a middle ground for the settlement of all their disputes, whether they be over questions of property, roads, fences or school, or the regulation of the social customs of the town.

Baptisms were formerly administered in the meeting house. Dr. Hopkins' record of them does not begin until after the lamentable burning of the records in March, 1766, which destroyed all former church books and papers. Holy Communion was administered in the church six times a year and each communicant was supposed to share in the furnishing of the sacramental bread by contributing something of the store of wheat.

While the people were not in any sense sacramentarian they still had due and worthy consideration of these rites of the church, hence the half-way covenant, the anxiety to have children that were sick baptized, and perhaps early baptism as well. The baptism of babes in our meeting houses 100 years ago was an interesting sight especially to the young, "who rose up and some stood on seats, and gazed with delight on the infant when the mother in the broad aisle divested it of the nice and sometimes rich christening blanket, and the father received it in its dress and cap as white as snow and presented it to the minister before the deacon's seat. When the minister was about to pronounce the name and sprinkle the face of the child all were still, and the young and others listened with much curiosity for the name and looked earnestly on the face of the child, who almost always started and cried when cold water was applied to the face."

It would be a mistake for us to suppose that the old town life which has about it a flavor of real romance was ideal from the modern standpoint. We love to glorify the past and take pride in it. A people who do not glory in the deeds of their ancestors will never do anything worthy of them as descendants. Yet the village life which we have seen here portrayed and the influences flowing from the institutions, the church, the school and the town meeting are but the bud of which the present is the flower. A community in which slaves were held, the poor often sold to the highest bidder, in which a royalty was paid for scalps of the Indians, and in which absurd laws regulating dress and manners were enforced, shows evidences of some weakness; yet even despite the evidence of weakness, the candle of real progress was shining brightly here, whilst it guttered low in the socket in the old world. And so today we are proud and glad to remember these strong men of the elder time and to rejoice in all that they did and all that they were. We love to



Burgoyne presents his sword



Spirit of '61



Ye old-time kitchen

return to this sacred spot, not only because there is a romance and beauty about these valleys and hills and the shining river that must appeal to the coldest and most unresponsive heart, but we love to stand once more in the place where our forefathers stood and catch the spirit that animated their strong hearts and make the resolve that nothing that was good in them shall perish in our lives.

“When the sweet Summer days
Come to New England, and the south wind plays
Over the forests, and the tall tulip trees
Lift up their chalices
Of delicate orange green
Against the blue serene;
When the chestnut crowns are full of flowers
And the long hours
Are not too long
For the Oriole’s song;
When the wild roses blow
In blueberry pastures, and the Bob White’s note
Calls us away
On the happy trail where every heart must go;
When the white clouds float
Through an ampler day,
And the old sea lies mystical blue once more
Along the Pilgrim shore,
Crooning to stone-faced pastures sweet with fern
Tales of the long ago and of the far-away;
And when to the hemlock solitudes return
The gold-voiced thrushes, and the high beech woods
Ring with enchantment as the twilight falls
Among the darkening hills,
And the new moonlight fills
The world with beauty and the soul with peace
And infinite release;
Is there any land that history recalls
Bestowed by Gods on mortals anywhere
More goodly than New England or more fair?”

—*From an Ode by Bliss Carman.*

ADDRESS

By Ex-Mayor Theobald M. Connor of Northampton

This celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the settlement of Hadley, well begins on the Sabbath Day. The removal from Con-

necticut was the second migration for religion's sake, occurring as it did a generation after the first white men and women came to settle on the shores of New England, led by an impulse essentially and dominantly religious.

Another significant feature of the celebration is the presence of so many worthy descendants of the first settlers. Two hundred and fifty years of vigorous and enlightened manhood, are no mean tribute to the strength and character of the old stock. To what extent the deep religious feeling of these early men and women shaped and colored the actions of their everyday life, cannot perhaps be accurately told. Whatever the reason, religious or otherwise, they had a very keen sense of individual responsibility in all of the affairs of life. This led them to take an active part in public affairs; stimulated their interest in general education; sharpened their sense of justice, at least within their own class; and inevitably drew them to a stalwart defence of the individual's political rights—in a word, to our notion of democracy. In all these things they have greatly influenced the life of succeeding generations—even to this day.

Now, when there is such hue and cry over men's failure to go to the polls to protect their rights and to stay corruption in the various branches of government, it is refreshing to look back and note the spirit of that early time.

One illustration indicates clearly the spirit to which I refer. With less than a dozen of his parishioners at his back, the Rev. John Russell opposed all the rest of the town on the Hopkins School matter. He won out; it is now of no great concern whether he was right or wrong. He thought he was right. The splendid courage of the man commands respect. Later, it was this same spirit that begot and carried through to a successful end the movement for the abolition of slavery.

What the new races have contributed cannot now be estimated. We are too close to their work to get the proper perspective. They were needed, and they came, and they have added in multifarious ways to the strength of our social organism.

We know that Hadley is today a more beautiful and a better place to live in than ever before; that one's life, liberty and property were never more tolerantly guarded; that the town has lost little of value that came down from the past, that improvement is being made along every line at present.

He who attempts to pass judgment on any race, is indeed foolhardy. Each has its strong points; each its weak ones, both accentuated by previous experiences and environments.

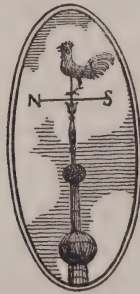
God did not place all the virtues in any one race, neither is any one afflicted with all the vices. Of the newer races, how much indeed

has the personal purity, the splendid loyalty, the devotion to the faith of the fathers, and the sunny disposition of one of these added to the charm and enriched the character of the life of today; how much the versatility, quickness, social grace, and artistic sense of another; and finally, how much shall we owe to the dogged and persevering industry and other good qualities of a third race whom we so little understand today.

The suggestion has been made that we in New England have serious race problems on our hands and that the best way to solve them, is to encourage the various racial elements in our population, to live their lives apart, each as it were, to contribute a share to the public welfare practically en masse. These notions must spring from ignorance of the facts, so well exemplified in the experience of Hadley where, as the process of amalgamation proceeds, the best and broadest of the old is losing none of its force in the progress of the new. Any advice tending to keep the races apart is little short of pernicious. It flies in the face of all human experience.

We want no race colonies in our midst, to become festering sores on the body politic, a constant source of danger. Amalgamation encouraged by generous coöperation from those who understand the nature of our government and the character of our life, with the preservation of the good and the strong of all elements, is what we need, if we are to preserve our institutions and fulfil the highest purpose as a nation. Problems we have but no race problems here in New England.

On this day, what better hope can we have, than that the spirit of John Russell as shown in his struggles for general education, in his interest in all that concerned the public welfare, in his devotion to his conscientious beliefs, in his sense of justice broadened so as to include all men, in his sterling democracy, may be always with us to assist in solving these problems of today and of tomorrow.



MONDAY—REUNION DAY

THE second day brought to the town a pretty constant stream of visitors. The morning was devoted to family and friendly greetings, registration at the Goodwin Memorial Library, and inspection of the historical and art exhibits. The historical collection in the school building is of remarkable extent and merit, being as replete in historical value as are the annals of the old town. Glass counter cases are placed on two sides of the room and these contain many articles which will not bear handling, cups and saucers 150 years old, deeds given to a number of the original settlers, a nightcap worn by Mary Lyon and now the property of Mrs. J. W. Lane of North Hadley, a pair of silver candlesticks and snuffers belonging to Samuel Huntington, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, many fine laces and a quantity of pewter.

The door used in the Russell house, in which the regicides were concealed is on exhibition. There is also a picture of the house in which General Burgoyne was entertained over night. This leads up to the most interesting and valuable part of the exhibit, the Burgoyne sword, now owned by the descendants of Col. Elisha Porter, to whom it was presented by the general. Col. Porter was present at Saratoga at the time of Burgoyne's surrender and invited the general to visit Hadley when he should march to Boston on his return to England. His troops were encamped at the foot of West Street; his aids slept in tents in Colonel Porter's yard. On his departure the next morning he presented his host with his dress sword, which is beautifully mounted in silver and richly carved, and bears the king's seal.

One case is filled entirely with the many beautiful articles belonging to the family of S. D. Smith. Here is exhibited some exquisite embroidery over 100 years old, done by Abigail Phillips, wife of Col. Elisha Porter, which proves that the ancient dame spent more time working with her needle and less in club work than the modern housewife. There are two embroidered hand screens, an embroidered chair seat and a pocket-book in silk, and a sampler made by this same remarkable woman when she was nine years old, in 1743. Some relics of a period not so far distant (1815-1820) are three high-back shell combs, handkerchief bags, a red and yellow silk bandanna handkerchief, a silk brocaded shawl, a white corded sunbonnet, fine lace collars, and a white dress worn by Miss Abigail Porter.



Red man or white



General Hooker

Samplers are shown to the number of 30, and there are several framed pieces of needlework done in silk and portraying landscapes and baskets of flowers. Among the books is a Bible bearing the date 1599, and a copy of "The Redeemed Captive," printed in 1702.

A small room off the main one has been furnished with some handsome chairs and tables. On the walls hang photographs of some of the trustees and principals of Hopkins Academy, of the ministers of the two churches, and of some men and women well known years ago. The larger of the two adjoining recitation rooms has been furnished to simulate an old-fashioned bedroom. There is a four-post bedstead, equipped with canopy and valance, a handsome bureau, washstand, candlestick, trundle bed, cradle, and all that is necessary to one's comfort and convenience in a sleeping room.

In the upper hall of the library building is an exhibit of paintings, sketches and school work. There may be seen several of the most famous works of the artist, Elbridge Kingsley, sketches and photographs by Clifton Johnson, paintings and drawings by Mrs. Bessie Bell Hawkes, and paintings by Mrs. F. H. Smith and other Hadley artists. A conspicuous feature of the exhibit is the portrait of General Hooker, painted by J. Harvey Young, which was presented to the town of Hadley by the Third Army Corps at the time of its reunion in Hadley, May 7, 1895.

The members of the Gen. Joseph Hooker association have taken possession of the Samuel Bell house opposite the celebration tent and have erected two large canopies for the accommodation of their guests. The association has decorated the rooms of the Bell house with a collection of flags of the brigades of the different corps that were at Gettysburg.

As the dinner hour approached, the people gradually drifted to the points assigned for the several noon-day reunions of descendants of the original settlers. The largest two of these were the Eastman-Tilton reunion and the Dickinson reunion, which were held in two large tents on West Street. About 50 members of the Taylor family took dinner together on the lawn near the house of E. J. Aldrich. The original home lots on West Street have been plainly marked for the anniversary occasion by the placing of placards.

In the Eastman-Tilton tent there were fully 150 at the dinner, after which there were addresses and original poems and hymns. People from eight states attended. Verabell Fulton of North Amherst, aged four months, great-granddaughter of Austin Eastman, was present at the reunion, and the registration badge which she wore bore 29 stars (the registration committee gives one star for each original settler to whom the person registered can trace back his ancestry).

Rev. Clarence Chaney, the presiding officer, told some amusing stories in a happy way, and Dr. Frank H. Smith of Hadley welcomed those present to the town. A song, the words of which were written by Miss Sophia Eastman, was sung by Mrs. D. E. Harriman of South Hadley Falls, the audience joining in the chorus, to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Miss Louise Dickinson of North Amherst spoke on "Eastmans in history." She spoke of the coming to America of Roger Eastman in the ship *Confidence*, of Eastmans in the Indian wars, in the Revolution and in the Civil War. She mentioned two renowned descendants of the Eastmans, Daniel Webster and Eugene Field. "Our ancestors" was the title of a paper by Mrs. Mary Eastman Whittemore. "Dea. Joseph Eastman in Captivity" was the title of an interesting talk by Miss Sophia Eastman of South Hadley. She told of his capture when a young man, his being taken to Canada by the Indians, and his subsequent ransom. Rev. Lucius R. Eastman of Framingham spoke of "Eastmans in the Ministry." Asa Spear of New York City spoke on "Eastmans in Education." A committee was appointed to have charge of the collection of money to buy a suitable stone to mark the burial place of Peter Tilton, father of the wife of Joseph Eastman.

The descendants of Nathaniel Dickinson held their family reunion and picnic on the green just in front of the original home lot, over 200 guests being present. Senator Francke W. Dickinson of Springfield acted as toastmaster and called first on Lawyer M. F. Dickinson of Boston. The latter said that the committee who came to Hadley to lay out the town were Peter Tilton, Nathaniel Dickinson and Samuel Ward. They were allowed to make their own selection of home lots. Deacon Nathaniel chose the corner lot, which is south of the present home of H. L. Cook. The east half of the farm has never been out of the family, and it is hoped it will be preserved as a Dickinson memorial house.

The Dickinson song written by Henry N. Dickinson of Brooklyn was sung to the tune of "America." Charles K. Morton of Hatfield was the next speaker. He said that fully one-fifth of the descendants of the original ancestors who settled in Hatfield are Dickinsons. He mentioned the several Dickinsons in the town of Hatfield, who have made notable public gifts in a quiet, unassuming way. Miss Alice E. Dickinson of Hadley read a paper on the various changes of ownership of the Dickinson estate. She first gave the history of Nathaniel Dickinson who came from England in 1660, and who held many of the first town offices. He was granted an estate amounting to 59 acres. The house, which stands on the east portion of the homestead at present, was built in 1743. Henry N. Dickinson, who teaches in the normal school in Brooklyn, spoke of

the branch that settled in Granby, where it was the plan to lay out streets on the broad plan of Hadley.

The general reunion at 3 o'clock drew together the various groups which had held separate assemblies, and many others less closely interested listened to the presentation of a pleasing program. The exercises were in the big main tent on West Street. Clarence B. Roote, head-master of the Northampton High School and descendant of Pastor Russell's brother and Peter Tilton, presided at the meeting. A cablegram from former Vice-President Levi P. Morton, who is now in Europe, was read and representatives of several of the old Hadley families spoke of the history of their clans in relation to the history of the town.

There was the presentation to the town of a gavel made by George Sheldon from wood that grew on property in Deerfield which Pastor Russell once owned, and which has been in Mr. Sheldon's family for many years. The tree was cut and some of the wood used for making a barn. Mr. Sheldon made the gavel from a great beam 10 by 11 inches and 48 feet long, much of which was sound to the heart, in spite of its two centuries and over of existence.

A chair in which the regicide judges sat while inmates of the home of Pastor Russell was shown and the story of it told by Rev. A. N. Somers of Montague. Mr. Somers was introduced by Mr. Roote as a man who was a descendant of one of the seven first white landholders in this country. He told an interesting story of the discovery of the chair of which he first learned by hearing in York State a quarrel between an old man of fully four-score and his middle-aged daughter. On asking what the dispute was about, a man told him that old man So-and-So and his daughter were quarreling about an old chair in which "somebody sat who killed a king." Mr. Somers investigated. He was told the story of the chair which was then owned by the grandson of a woman who bought it at the time Parson Russell's estate was settled. Mr. Somers finally succeeded in getting the chair, which is now one of his most valuable possessions.

A fine tribute to Pastor John Russell, the town's first minister, was read by Mrs. George Sheldon, wife of the well-known historian of the Connecticut valley, George Sheldon of Deerfield, now 91 years old, yet hale and able to take an active interest in the affairs in connection with Hadley's celebration.

The evening observance was divided between Hopkins Academy in Hadley and the town of Amherst, which celebrated its 150th anniversary with exercises and a historical address by M. F. Dickinson of Boston. The Hopkins Academy reception and dance was held in the town hall. The room was decorated with Hopkins banners by the committee of whom Mrs. Luther Barstow was chairman. Connelly's orchestra furnished music, and refreshments were served.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

By Clarence B. Roote

We are met to do honor to the memory of our forefathers, who were the founders of this good town. To me one of the most impressive facts in human history is the way in which great crises and great emergencies take men and women out of the common walks of life, lift them above the ordinary level, and exalt and dignify them for all time. This is especially true in civic and political movements. I find it hard to conceive of a "mute, inglorious Milton," but I can easily believe that scores of potential Cromwells have kept through peaceful England "the noiseless tenor of their way," serving their day and generation faithfully, but confined to their own localities and unknown to the nation at large.

Our ancestors, in whose names we are gathered, loom large before our vision today. And yet in reality we know little about many of them. Under ordinary circumstances all knowledge of them might have perished long ago from off the earth. But in the providence of God they were led forth to face and fight the elemental forces of the wilderness. It fell to them to lay the foundations of a civic community and owing to the peculiar polity of New England to have their share in molding the infant years of a great commonwealth. The fact of present importance to us is that they were equal to the extraordinary demands upon them. Set apart for the accomplishment of a great and lasting work amid difficulties and perils innumerable, they performed their task acceptably and were lifted to the eminence of pioneers and founders, taking their place thereby among the significant and heroic figures of this commonwealth. It is most certainly a laudable desire that leads us, members of the ancient families of Hadley, to take this occasion to learn more about our family history and thus to connect ourselves more consciously with those men and women who wrought out for us our goodly heritage.

JOHN RUSSELL, THE LEADER

By George Sheldon

Deerfield sends greeting to Hadley. I have the honor to be one of her messengers to bear the tokens of respect and love of a younger sister. Deerfield unites with other sister towns in doing homage to Hadley which, if not the eldest born, ranks first when gauged by deeds of high emprise.

If any man is great enough, brave enough, or good enough to sanctify the soil whereon his work is done, then the men and women of Hadley may with one voice truly acclaim:—



Angel of Hadley



Hooker Brigade



Hadley witch

"Aye call it holy ground!
The paths John Russell trod;
O'er watchful height, where valleys wound,
With eye which scanned each sod;
With ear attuned to softest sound,
His feet with silence shod."

Under the shadows of the primeval forest, across the wide meadows, on the banks of the gliding waters of Hadley, walked one of the sons of men for whose peer you may seek in vain over the whole broad sweep of the Connecticut Valley—his peer in true bravery and steadfast courage, when we consider the manliest attributes of the noblest men.

Our New England Fathers declared their dread of "leaving an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministry shall lie in the dust," and early set themselves to the task of raising up and qualifying young men to fill the vacancies in the pulpits which, as a matter of course, must soon befall.

Harvard College was established, and the first class was graduated in 1642. By 1645 twenty young men had been sent forth. Of these the seventeenth was your John Russell. When they received their sheepskins from the college, they were prepared for the ministry without further theological training, and entered the pulpit as opportunity offered.

In 1648 John Russell senior, the father of the graduate, with his family removed from Charlestown to Wethersfield, Ct. It was not long before the father and son found they had settled themselves in a hornet's nest. A hot dispute was on between the minister, Mr. Smith, and the Church. Some theological puzzle was in the wind, but exactly what this was, I believe no student of the hair-splitting dogmas of the times has been able to fully explain. This much, however, appears:

John Russell was a believer in the freedom of the congregation. He was an independent to the backbone. Russell believed that each church had authority directly from Christ, and was accountable to no other power. The Russells, father and son, were evidently men of mettle; they joined issue with what was on foot, and the battle was fought to the finish. In the meantime, Mr. Smith, the minister, died. As the smoke cleared up a little it appeared that the father had married the widow, and the son had captured the pulpit.

It would seem that these two enterprising Massachusetts men had now conquered a peace and controlled the situation, but it was not so. They had only moved into the Smith camp. The new combination soon found the old fight was renewed. The new pastor,

John Russell, Jr., now about 22, took up the Smith banner, bore it boldly to the front, and led the Smith faction in the war. This was surely due his step-mother, and doubtless he had also all the Smith bees in his bonnet. However that may be, he bravely and skilfully bore himself against his opponents in the church at Wethersfield, as also those of Hartford and Windsor.

After some years of warfare, John Russell headed a masterful retreat, leading away in triumph to Hadley the sturdy independents of the three churches in question, who would march wherever he should lead. Russell had not yielded one whit of his ideal. He had fought the good fight in spiritual things, and now he was ready to face the physical hardships attending the removal of the fruits of his labor through a pathless wilderness to a safe harbor at Hadley. Here in the unbroken forest he transplanted his church, and here he started a town.

You, my friends, are reaping the glory, the honor and the profit of his unconquerable will and steadfast purpose. Church and town grew and flourished, and here the great measure of his fame was filled to the brim. World-wide honors have been showered upon his name. But all the honors bestowed on Mr. Russell have been posthumous. When he was gathered to his fathers he had no reason even to suspect that his daring deeds would ever be known by the public. Few indeed were then alive who were aware of the facts, and, he would doubtless reason, their graves would soon cover the last trace of the deadly secret.

The story need not be told here; you all know it now. A faint outline, however, will be sketched. At one period in the history of England a few men appeared on the stage who dared to think for themselves on things civil and religious. Their thoughts became deeds. Their deeds had molded a nation. On Charles I and the dogma of the Divine Right of Kings had fallen a deadly blow. Among these men of thought and deed, in the army of the Protector, were Major General Edward Whalley and his son-in-law, Major General William Goffe, and both were in the House of Lords in the Parliament. They were both also Judges in the High Court of Justice by which Charles I was condemned.

When the wheel turned, and the daring regicides had become fugitives, hunted by human and canine hounds for the price set upon their heads, in the hour of direst need John Russell came to the front. His house was his castle. Within was a precious charge to be guarded with unflinching nerve and vigilance. Whalley and Goffe had fled to New England, and were now in hiding under his roof. Month after month, year after year, he kept watch and ward, alone with his courage and his conscience.

He was fully alive to the fact that the messenger of fate might at any moment be found standing at his door, reaching out his eager hand for the latch. He knew the fate of the captured judges; knew that malice did not hold its hand until the dead judges were dragged from their graves, and all within the power of Charles II were drawn and quartered, their remains burned to ashes, and their ashes strown to the four winds. He knew that such would be his own doom, should the messenger once lift the latch. Aware of all this, the Rock of Gibraltar stands no firmer today than stood your brave hero through those long years of stress and strain.

With what men in the Connecticut Valley, for whom may well be claimed the title of hero, shall we compare John Russell? Shall we compare the founder of Hadley with the founder of Springfield, her elder sister? Pynchon stood high in the civil annals of the Colony; in character and talent he outranked most of those who sought to bind him in the same theological cords with which they themselves were bound. But he stood up and confronted them boldly as every freeman should. At that time he faced the dungeon, but not the flames. *He* was not sacrificed at the stake, but his heretical books were burned in public by the common hangman. He braved more than the cold shoulder, and the averted eye, among his fellows, and he was deposed from high civil station in the colony. He fought bravely, but the brand of heretic was stamped upon him; he finally quailed, and was hounded from the colony by the pious Puritans and fled to England. John Russell never quailed.

A few others will be selected as worthy to compete with him for the leadership. I will first name Jonathan Wells of Hadley, the boy hero of the Connecticut Valley. He was one of the lambs of Mr. Russell's flock, who grew up with but a single house lot dividing him from that of the good shepherd. His title was earned at the age of sixteen by his manly achievements on the occasion of the Turners Falls Fight.

Across the Connecticut lies Hatfield, in full sight as a kindly neighbor should be. So the brave deeds done by Hatfield men have all been known here. Hadley saw the swift attack on Hatfield, September, 1677; saw the flaming homes; saw the inmates slain or swept away into Indian captivity, but saw too late to save. She knew how brave Sergeant Benjamin Wait devoted himself body and soul to get the captives back. Between Hatfield and Boston and Albany and New York swung Wait like a pendulum. He traversed those hundreds of miles, through tangled thicket and treacherous swamp, persistently, fearless of aught which stood between himself and his enslaved family and friends in Canada. He dared the dangers of the wilderness, the wild beasts and the hostile Indians, the

deadly frost and winter snow, until, at the end of more than fifteen hundred miles, mostly travelled on foot, he found the loved and lost, and brought them triumphantly home. John Russell cheered him on when he went out; and, in common with all the Valley men, gave him the warmest welcome on his return. His fame has long been assured. In Stephen Jennings, the companion of Wait in these trials and triumphs, is found a man of spirit hardly less strenuous. Their lives ran largely in parallel lines, and came to the same tragic close.

In placing Ensign John Sheldon and John Wells of Deerfield in the ranks of the selected brave there can be no mistake. They, too, endured the agonies of loss, and the trials of the wilderness. It was a quarter of a century later that they followed the trail of Wait and Jennings, but the region traversed had not yet felt the hand of civilization. The forest was no less wild, and the savage no less fierce. They dared the same dangers, encountered the same difficulties, the same icy blasts and drifting snows.

While we consider the deeds of these men to compare them with those of John Russell, we must take into account the circumstances which surrounded them, and the motives by which they were inspired. Enough has been said of William Pynchon; we only hope his rebellion against religious domination found its reward. The crucial test of young Jonathan Wells was not premeditated. It was forced upon him by disaster of battle. He rose to the occasion, proved his rare mettle, and his right to the title of hero.

In this consideration of incentives to courage we may group together Benjamin Wait, Stephen Jennings, John Sheldon and John Wells. No one of these was called upon to exhibit the highest elements of bravery. They were not summoned to obey an abstract call of duty regardless of results. Each had a cord leading away into the wilds of Canada, tugging at his heart. Their wives, children, friends, were in captivity. Here was an impelling motive; here was inspiration of which courage may well be born.

In the case of John Russell there was no external call, no personal gain, and scarcely an approving eye. Nevertheless the heroic man steadfastly held his post of guard with the full knowledge that the besom of destruction was poised in the air, and might at any moment swoop down upon him and his wife and children. It was for a far lighter, but similar offence, in England, that Charles II ruthlessly beheaded Lady Alicea Lisle.

In connection with my theme, it will be of interest to note a singular coincident developed by the way. Of all the men selected to represent the chivalry of the Valley, and to compare with John Russell, not one left his remains to the care of the locality where his fame

was achieved. William Pynchon was driven from the colony to England, and never came back. The dust of Whalley and Goffe, so far as we know, now sanctifies the soil of Hadley. On the westerly bound of Old Deerfield Street stands a monument of granite which marks the lot where Jonathan Wells passed his Deerfield years. A gray and mossy slab in Deerfield's old God's Acre, tells where was found his final bed of rest.

In this same sacred enclosure, beneath a green swelling mound crowned with enduring stone, lie "The Dead of 1704." From the gray-haired man and matron to the babe of three weeks all were buried in one great grave. With these, whom his valor strove in vain to save, was laid all that was mortal of Sergeant Benjamin Wait. In the same grave lie four of Hadley's bravest sons, Samuel Boltwood, Robert Boltwood, Jonathan Ingram, and Nathaniel Warner. Here as a pledge and bond of union between Hadley and Deerfield their dust will be sacredly guarded.

Stephen Jennings removed to Brookfield, where, after years of strenuous struggle with the Indians, he was surprised and slain, and there was his final place of rest.

John Sheldon removed to Connecticut where his peculiar character and ability were soon recognized and utilized. Here his pilgrimage ended, and his grave was made in the ancient burying ground, now so sacredly cared for in the city of Hartford.

John Wells, when on a scout in the wilderness of northern Vermont, was shot while trying to save the life of a drowning man in the face of the enemy. His body was left to the mercy of the wild beasts and the elements. The spot where he fell can never be identified.

My work is finished. No claim is made that any facts before unknown have been brought to light. I have attempted to portray the founder of Hadley as a leader of men. I have striven to show that among the early heroes of the Connecticut Valley his name should lead all the rest.



TUESDAY—THIRD DAY

THE attendance after the quiet Reunion Day of Monday, was renewed with a rush Tuesday morning and the town overflowed with visitors until the close of the patriotic rally in the evening. Atmospheric conditions thus far could not have been better if the celebration committee had been given its pick of the best varieties of weather that the climate affords. There have been cool breezes a good part of the time, and, although it has been dusty underfoot, this has been preferable to taking chances with showers that might have fallen at inopportune moments. Nothing less than a shower can really sprinkle the wide streets of Hadley, but the street sprinkler that has been in commission has accomplished its purpose to a satisfactory extent at the principal points of interest. A hospital tent, under the management of the Dickinson Hospital at Northampton, is the latest provision for the comfort and benefit of guests, but thus far, fortunately, has only served the purpose of showing good intentions.

A celebration visitor in whom there is much interest arrived in the afternoon in the person of John Gough Sutton of Fort Madison, Ia., as the guest of the Town of Hadley. Mr. Sutton is a direct descendant of Goffe, the regicide. He is connected with a syndicate which builds and manages water, gas and electric light plants in various parts of the country.

The hose races were set for 9.30 in the morning. A big crowd watched them at the upper end of West Street and a high degree of enthusiasm prevailed. The line of the firemen's parade which preceded the races was the following:—

Marshal, Robert McQueston.

Northampton band, 21 pieces, M. J. Slater, leader.

Buggy with Chief L. R. Smith of Hadley and Chief F. G. Howard of Hatfield.

Hatfield No. 1, 14 men, Robert Fitzgerald, captain, D. F. Whalen, driver.

Hatfield No. 2, 12 men, Lewis Pelissier, captain, M. J. Proulx, driver.

Hatfield No. 3, 19 men, John Batzold, captain, John M. Strong, driver.



Burning of Hopkins Mill



French and Indian War



Flatboat

Hatfield No. 4, 13 men, Adam B. Wolfram, captain, Harry Holden, driver.

Hadley No. 1 (West Street), 15 men, James Byron, captain, John Pelissier, driver.

Hadley No. 2 (Middle Street), 11 men, William Sanders, captain, Herbert Cook, driver.

Hadley No. 3 (New Boston), 15 men, Charles Pelissier, captain, William Walsh, driver.

Hadley No. 4 (Hartsbrook), 15 men, Edward P. West, captain, Henry Sabin, driver.

The Hatfield firemen wore uniforms comprising dark caps and trousers and white blouses. The uniforms of the Hadley companies were varied, and the colors added much to the appearance of the parade. Some of the companies carried canes, and others small flags. The procession marched from the town hall through Russell Street to West Street, around the celebration tent, and proceeded to the upper section of West Street. The companies laid 300 feet of hose, broke hose at 250 feet from hydrant, and turned on water. The races were run off with admirable dispatch and without accidents or disputes. A peculiar phase of the outcome was the fact that each company, except Hadley No. 4, improved on the time of all preceding companies, and a high pitch of excitement was reached when the last two companies came to the test. Hatfield No. 2 filled the hearts of the Hatfield partisans with joy by beating all preceding records, but the Hadley people had their turn when Hadley No. 2 ran last and won first prize. The shouts of applause were so vigorous when it became known that Hadley had won, that it was several minutes before the announcer could make himself heard. The prizes were \$25, \$15, and \$10.

The dedication of the new Hopkins Academy building and the presentation of gifts by several classes, was the feature of the afternoon observances. J. C. Hammond, president of the board of trustees, presided and made the address of acceptance of the gifts and of dedication of the building, formerly the Dr. Bonney house, on the steps of which the exercises were held. The exterior remains unchanged in architectural design, but important changes have been made in the interior to provide for the purposes of school work. The gifts presented were a flagstaff from the class of '95, a flag given in the name of the class of '89, over \$90 given by the classes of '74, '88, '90, '92 and '96, and a picture from the class of 1906.

J. A. Crosier of Northampton, on behalf of the class of '95, presented the flagstaff. He spoke of a need of teaching greater patriotism to the youth of the land and he hoped that the pupils of

the academy would learn that the emblem that flies from the staff stands for freedom, integrity and honor. Arthur B. Smith of Chicago gave the flag in honor of his class of '89. He said that while the flag might not inspire the pupils to valor in wars for their country the trustees would be proud and the world benefited if the pupils were taught and inspired to be a little better than the average American citizen.

J. H. Heavens of Plymouth, a former principal of the academy, was next called on. He said that the only condition attached to the gift of the money which he was presenting for the several classes was that it should be used for some purpose in connection with the physical development of the pupils. The amounts given were as follows: Class of '74, \$5; class of '88, \$15; class of '90, \$39; class of '92, \$12.50; class of '96, \$20. Mr. Heavens then presented a small but finely framed picture which is the gift of the class of 1906. The picture, he said, was merely a suggestion which he thought was worthy of being followed by other classes and individuals at this time when the school needs many pictures and such things to make the interior attractive.

The baseball game between the students and alumni followed the program at the academy. In the course of the afternoon a reunion of the Huntington and Porter families was held at the Bishop Huntington homestead on the North Hadley road and the program of the day closed with the grand patriotic rally in the celebration tent in the evening.

Preceding this there was a reception in which women of patriotic societies met members of various branches of the societies. A large part of the seats was reserved for members of the Grand Army, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons of Veterans, and Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. District Attorney R. W. Irwin of Northampton presided with his characteristic good humor. Rev. Dr. A. St. John Chambré of Lowell, who was a chaplain in the Civil War, in the brigade of Hadley's most famous son, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, made an address, as did also Judge Henry Stockbridge of Baltimore, Md., who paid glowing tribute to the sons of Hadley, and of the country, who have fought the nation's battles, and to the women who have sacrificed and suffered, too. A paper on "Hadley in the Colonial Wars," by Judge Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield, was read by Attorney D. H. Keedy of Hadley. Mrs. James G. Dunning of Springfield, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, spoke on the work of that organization. Admiral F. A. Cook of Northampton, who commanded the *Brooklyn* in the battle of Santiago responded for the Spanish War Veterans. He said that it was late and everybody knew a lot about the Spanish

War, so he told a story with a good laugh to it and wished the audience good-night.

Lieut.-Gov. Louis A. Frothingham and four aids-de-camp of the governor's staff had seats on the platform during the latter half of the meeting. They arrived in Hadley by way of the Central Massachusetts about 7.30. They were met by E. S. Allen, secretary of the celebration committee, and A. S. Searle, F. S. Reynolds, George E. Smith and L. W. West. The party took supper at the Elmwood, and it must have been an enjoyable occasion judging by the way faces beamed at the mention of it. After Judge Stockbridge, who was speaking when they entered, had finished, the lieutenant-governor's party was given the Chautauqua salute with vehemence. The lieutenant-governor and his party spent the night on Mt. Holyoke.

HOPKINS ACADEMY DEDICATION ADDRESS

By John C. Hammond, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees

The loyalty of the sons and daughters of Old Hadley to its honored institution, Hopkins Academy, is abundantly shown today. Class after class is here helping us in the dedication of the new home of the Academy. The tokens of appreciation given by the various classes of graduates are notable in their fitness to round out and complete the decoration of the Academy home. They are even more notable as evidence of what this institution, as old as the town itself, means to all of us who owe to it something for the nurture and training it has given.

I have referred to the Academy's being as old as the town itself. Edward Hopkins, the founder of the fund, died in England 252 years ago, two years before the town was born. By his will he bequeathed the residue of his estate which was in New England to four trustees "to give some encouragement in those foreign plantations for the breeding of hopeful youths, both at the Grammar School and College, for the public service of the Country in future times."

It took time to settle the estate. The two surviving trustees, William Goodwin who had then removed to Hadley, and John Davenport of New Haven, by an agreement dated April 30, 1664, after providing for a Grammar School in Hartford, and, by a proviso later in the will, taking one hundred pounds from Hadley's share for Harvard College, divided what remained equally between the towns of New Haven and Hadley.

The Hopkins Grammar School as it was then called began its course in Hadley as early as 1666 or 1667. The fund, with its moderate foundation, was added to from time to time in the earlier years

but was always limited in amount; and tuition was charged until about 1853, since which time tuition has been free to residents of Hadley.

In the first years the Hopkins School was in the house of Nathaniel Ward who died in 1664, which house he willed to the school. Later, it was in a schoolhouse, 25 x 18, built in the middle of the West Street. Many persons in this audience remember Dea. Simeon Dickinson who died in 1890 at the age of 95. He attended the Hopkins School in that building.

In 1816 or 1817 the brick Academy building where those of my age attended was built on Russell Street. This continued to be used until it was destroyed by fire February 18, 1860. The Academy afterward used rooms in the rear of the First Church vestry until December, 1865, when it occupied the second story of the new school building erected by the town at the southwest corner of Middle Street and Russell Street until this, too, was lost by fire. The present school building of brick was built by the town in 1894. The Academy has ever since occupied the second floor.

Now, when the pressing needs of the town require more room for its schools it is most opportune that the Academy with its funds increased to something over \$100,000 is able to again have a home of its own. This home of the late Dr. Bonney, with its more than five acres of land adjoining the old campus, has been acquired. You see how well it lends itself to the purposes of this ancient and honored Academy. An ample, well lighted assembly room; spacious and convenient recitation rooms; and a gymnasium and recreation hall developed from Dr. Bonney's barn. Even the cozy tenement house can be a convenient home for the janitor.

Not merely in its housing does the Academy prosper. There are plans and hopes for a broader sphere of influence. The approved modern idea that the boy or girl who studies to be fitted for the life on the farm shall have special instructions offered will be here carried out, and preparation for the trades can in some degree be given.

At the celebration of fifty years ago last June, I, a boy of sixteen, hired my first team and drove here from my South Amherst home and incurred the further rash expense of a dinner in the great tent. In the fall I attended the Academy at the beginning of my preparation for college and was under that best of teachers, J. R. Davenport. I finished my preparation elsewhere; but from that time to the present my enthusiastic admiration for the work and name of Hopkins Academy has been continuous and increasing.

In 1870 I came on the Board of Trustees. William P. Porter, whose term of service is next to mine in length has been treasurer thirty-one years.

As we on this Anniversary day dedicate this new Academy home for the good of all who can now benefit by it and for the good of those who shall come after us, we will give it our loyal support. Class after class comes and presents some gift. They all testify to the benefit and worth of this Academy to which my mother, my brothers, my sister and myself owe much. All the people scattered far and wide who gather in Hadley today turn with loving recollection to Old Hopkins Academy and rejoice in this—the brightest day in its history.

ADDRESS INTRODUCING THE EVENING SPEAKERS

By Hon. Richard W. Irwin

The importance and worth of a town are not to be altogether measured by its material possessions. Its real merit is to be found in the hearts, the brains, and the morals of its men and women. By this standard does Hadley measure large. On this occasion we pay high tribute to one of Hadley's most illustrious sons—Gen. Joseph Hooker.

One would hardly expect that from this old, quiet town, living its peaceful and contented life among the meadows of the Connecticut, should come the soldier whose fierce onset and dogged perseverance in battle led his soldiers on the field of battle to call him "Fighting Joe Hooker" (an appellation he never relished), and whose brilliance as a general has been unequalled by any commander in the wars of the American republic. Yet in such farming communities, representative of the best of Massachusetts, runs the fighting blood that strengthened the arms of Cromwell's Ironsides; that won their firesides and maintained them against the Indians; marched behind Washington from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. From such stock was Gen. Joseph Hooker.

He was born in Hadley November 13, 1814. His father was Joseph Hooker, who came to Hadley from Enfield. His mother was Mary Seymour of Hadley. Physically he was of fine proportions, slender, but with well-rounded outlines; erect, with head well poised and crowned with a luxuriant growth of hair of a light auburn hue; features symmetrical and expressive, a graceful carriage, the personification of frank and youthful manliness. His early educational opportunities were limited. The common school and Hopkins Academy furnished him with such acquirements as he possessed on his entrance to West Point.

At the age of 18 Hooker received appointment to a cadetship at the military academy, entering that institution in 1833, graduating

with honors in the year 1837. From this point his record is a part of the annals of our country. He served under McClellan, Burnside, Thomas, Sherman and Grant with unfaltering fidelity and zeal. When relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac the only favor he asked of Lincoln was the privilege of changing places with Meade, to command a corps under his late subordinate, so that he might share in the dangers and honors of the campaign he had begun. The campaign was completed successfully by the battle of Gettysburg, which was won by adopting Hooker's plan of campaign, after he was relieved. "Gettysburg was Hooker's revenge for Chancellorsville." Never was the great confederate chieftain, Lee, outflanked when forces were equal, except when Hooker commanded against him.

In the history of the war of the rebellion nothing that any of our commanders have done on land, has equalled in audacity of design, the brilliance of execution or the consummate glory of success which Hooker accomplished many times. For splendid bravery, for unhesitating acceptance of desperate and stupendous odds, for perseverance in the fight until victory was won, for success that thrills the blood and urges on the fire of patriotism, no achievement of America on land or sea is superior to Hooker's standing with his regiments at Williamsburg, thrown like a wall across the peninsula and holding the whole rebel army at bay while McClellan made a retreat; or again in distant Tennessee scaling the mountain battlements and fighting "the battle above the clouds."

It has by some been said that his abilities were only those of a corps commander, calculated to mold his army into a thunderbolt and hurl it into the center of the fierce conflict of battle; or to lead on his soldiers with drawn and beckoning sword in some desperate charge against the whole strength of an opposing army. Yet this descendant of the farming Puritans in transferring the army of the Potomac across the broad waters of the Rappahannock in the face of Lee's whole army, accomplished an act of strategy which side by side with Napoleon crossing the Danube ranks as one of the highest achievements in the art of war, and is the text-book model which is taught at West Point.

He stands at the head of Massachusetts's roll of warriors, and a grateful commonwealth has erected upon the capitol grounds at Boston his statue to commemorate and perpetuate his valorous deeds; there let it stand as a memorial that from her common people, when time demanded, Massachusetts furnished for the saving of the nation one worthy to rank with the great leaders of war, in the farmer boy of old Hadley.

*HADLEY IN THE COLONIAL WARS**By Judge Francis M. Thompson*

The history of the people whom our ancestors found occupying this broad and beautiful valley, their primitive dwellings standing beside the purling brooks which, with reduced volume, still run down to the "long river," where the natives speared the salmon, the shad, and the muskalonge; the people who hunted in the primeval forest which then covered the waste places, with whom our ancestors lived, with whom they fought, and whom they finally blotted out—or drove, a scanty remnant, into the western wilds—is closely interwoven with our own.

This interesting people hardly had fair treatment by the pious historians of the early time. The English settlers thought, like the Israelites of old, that it was their right—yea, that it was their solemn duty, to rid the land which the Lord their God had given them, as well of Indians, as of wolves, bears, and other wild animals.

It is true that the natives were deficient in the refinements of civilized life; yet, in the construction of their canoes, weapons of war, baskets, moccasins, fish and game traps, and in methods of taking game, they exhibited much art and established models which are used for the same purposes at the present time. The squaws cultivated little patches of corn and beans with the antlers of the moose or deer, and in some parts they grew a few stalks of tobacco for their lords to use in their pipes; but war and hunting comprised the activities of the men. While the Indians ranked low in the human family, yet, as patriots, warriors, philosophers—in the ardent love of country, of their birthplace, they exhibited deep feeling.

The first instrument recorded in the first Book of Deeds in Springfield, is an agreement signed by Joseph Parsons and two others, acting for Northampton, to convey to Samuel Smith, William Westwood and Andrew Warner acting as agents for Hadley, the great Capawonk meadows in Hatfield for thirty pounds sterling, to be paid for before June 1st, 1659, in wheat and peas. The document was recorded December 2nd of that year. Six Hadley men had already settled there.

The Indians who inhabited this immediate section were called Norwottucks, and were, as well as the Pocumtucks at Deerfield, closely related to the Nipmucks, whose country was farther east.

The new settlers in the valley lived with the natives in peace until the secret agents of Philip, the discontented Wampanoag chief, whispered venom into the listening ears of the Norwottuck braves, although the valley Indians, before they made peace with the Mohawks in 1671, made themselves nuisances by seeking shelter in the

out-buildings of the settlers, upon any fear of a Mohawk attack. The salutation "Netop" (my friend), was often heard in the settlements, and the men sold furs, fish and venison; and the squaws sold baskets, mats, moccasins and other handiwork, and some of them served in the homes of the settlers.

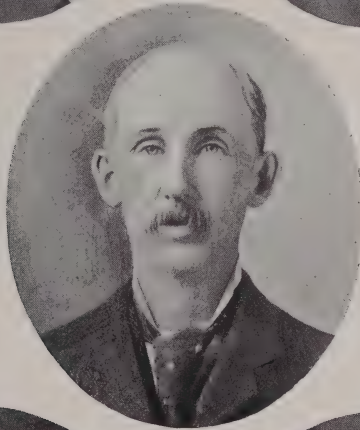
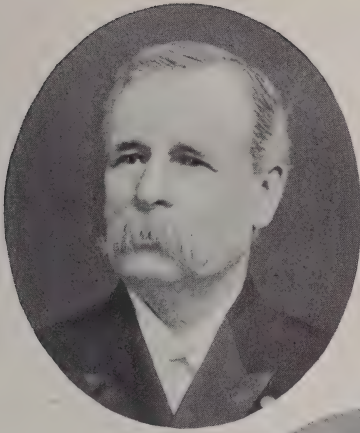
Philip's schemes culminated in his attack upon the town of Swansey near his Mount Hope headquarters, June 24th, 1675. Nine persons were killed, many houses and barns burned, and much damage was done to stock and crops. Plymouth and Massachusetts sprang to arms, and soon Philip and his followers disappeared in the forest and on August 5th arrived among the Quabaugs in the Nipmuck country.

The hostiles who operated in old Hampshire County were nearly all Nipmucks, joined later by the Pocumtucks and other river tribes. They first attacked Brookfield, but nearly all the people concentrated in a strong house which they bravely defended for three days when they were relieved by Major Simeon Willard. Philip's Indians soon after gathered at Paquáiyag (now Athol) and those in the valley about the different settlements. Those in this vicinity had built a fort on the bluff above the Connecticut river within the present bounds of Hatfield, and the people being suspicious of them the military authorities by persuasion, took possession of their arms. Subsequently, the Indians professing great loyalty to the settlers and expressing a strong desire to go out against the enemy, their arms were restored to them, and a party of them accompanied some Connecticut troops on a scout, but their conduct was such that they were suspected of treachery, and Captains Beers and Lothrop in command at Hadley, upon the expressed desire of the people, decided to again disarm the Indians. Surrounding the fort at midnight, they discovered that the savages had killed an old sachem who would not join them, and had fled.

Immediate pursuit was made by the excited soldiers, and in a swamp near the foot of Sugar-loaf mountain they, without warning, received the fire of forty or fifty Indians, and at that time and during the three hours' sharp fight that ensued, the English lost nine men, one of whom—Azariah Dickinson—was from Hadley. A squaw captured a few days after reported that twenty-six Indians were slain.

September 1st, a soldier from Connecticut while hunting for a stray horse at Deerfield was waylaid and slain, and the enemy rushed into the village and burned many buildings. The garrison was too weak to make a sally, but two Indians venturing near the fort were killed.

The next day the Indians at Squaukeag (Northfield) waylaid a party who ventured out of the fort, and eight men were killed. Not



The Celebration Committee

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knowing of this attack, Captain Beers with thirty-six men left Hadley with carts to bring off the inhabitants of Squaukeag. On the second day out he fell into an ambuscade, lost his own life and the lives of twenty of his men, among whom were William Markham and Joseph Dickinson of Hadley. Several of those who escaped reached Hadley the same night.

On the 5th of September, Major Treat of the Connecticut forces, set out for Squaukeag with one hundred men, who, when nearing the town were daunted at seeing the heads of Captain Beers' men set up on poles beside the trail. Thoroughly alarmed, they lost no time in taking away the inhabitants, leaving the dead unburied, and abandoning the sheep and cattle, many of which made their way through the wilderness to Hadley.

Whether or not the Indians made an attack upon Hadley on September 1st, 1675, is in dispute, and we pass on to the next disaster suffered by the English—the massacre of Lothrop and “the Flower of Essex,” at Muddy (now Bloody) brook. Lothrop had been sent to Deerfield to guard the teams while they drew away a large quantity of harvested wheat. Lacking due caution, his command ran into an ambuscade of several hundred Indians at the crossing of the brook, with the result that he and about sixty of his men were buried in one grave. While Deerfield suffered the loss of seventeen citizens in this bloody affair, Hadley escaped with the loss of Francis Barnard, who was acting as a teamster.

Hadley was the military headquarters for Hampshire County, with Major Pynchon in command. The Springfield Indians had concentrated at their fort on Long Hill, toward Long Meadow, claiming to be friendly to the English. The Connecticut Council advised Pynchon not to disarm them, but to secure hostages for their good behavior; and such action was taken, the hostages being sent to Hartford. Pynchon, learning at Hadley that a body of Indians were in the vicinity of the Hadley mill, drew off men from the Springfield garrison, intending to go out against them the following day. The same day, Tonto, a Windsor Indian, disclosed a plot concocted by the Indians to burn Springfield the next day. The alarm reached Pynchon at Hadley after midnight, and before his men could reach Springfield the hellish work of destruction had been accomplished by the Springfield Indians and many Nipmucks whom they had secretly admitted to their fort. Happily the loss of life was comparatively small, three persons being killed and two mortally wounded, but the property loss was a terrible blow to the infant settlement. The campaign continued by an attack on Hatfield by seven or eight hundred Indians, but the place was well prepared for defence, and the enemy was repulsed. A few days after, an

unsuccessful raid was made upon Northampton, and then the Indians retired to a place just above Squaukeag, where they wintered.

About April 1st, 1676, the Indians attacked some laborers near Hockanum, and killed Deacon Richard Goodman and two soldiers, and took Thomas Reed a prisoner to the camp at Squaukeag. When the fishing season arrived, after planting corn at Northfield, they broke camp and moved down the river to Peskeompscut (now Turners) Falls, and planted corn at Deerfield. The prisoner Reed made his escape and coming into Hadley he told of the unguarded position of the enemy engaged in fishing at the Falls. Stirred up by the activity of Rev. John Russell, the Hadley minister, the military authorities decided "to go out against them tomorrow night so as to be with them, the Lord assisting, before the break of day."

The successful attack, and the disastrous retreat of the victors, in which Captain Turner lost his life and out of one hundred and sixty men in the expedition, thirty-seven were killed and two mortally wounded, need not be fully recited here. Under the able management of Captain Samuel Holyoke, the survivors reached safety at Hadley, having been pursued by the savages for many miles. Rev. Hope Atherton, minister of Hatfield, who acted as chaplain of the expedition, wandered without food for nearly four days before he found himself in Hadley, and did not know how he crossed the Connecticut River. The terrible experiences of Jonathan Wells, a youth of sixteen years from Hadley, who by his bravery that day gained the name of "the Boy Hero," reads like a story from Cooper's novels. He was lamed for life, and it was four years and two months before he could walk. Hadley sent twenty-five men in this expedition, of whom eight were killed and Wells severely wounded.

On the 20th of May, Hatfield was again attacked; twelve houses and barns were burned and many horses and other live stock were killed or driven away. Twenty-five brave Hadley men crossed the river to the aid of their neighbors. The Indians wounded two of them before they left the boat, but the men landed in the face of their attack, killed five or six of the enemy by their first volley, and the Indians retreated toward the fort. In this fight five men were killed and three were wounded. Hadley lost a very brave young man in the person of Jobanna, son of Lieutenant Samuel Smith. John Stow of Hadley was severely wounded. Both of these young men had escaped in the Falls fight, a few days before.

On the 8th of June, 1676, two hundred and fifty mounted troops and two hundred friendly Indians from Connecticut paraded Hadley streets with silken banners, giving the river towns great sense of security. Unaware of the presence of this large body of soldiers, the Indians made an attack on Hadley with several hundred warriors.

They were soon compelled to disperse, not, however, until they had killed three soldiers who had foolishly ventured from the fort without arms.

Philip was slain near Mount Hope, August 12th, and the river Indians fled toward the Hudson, many being killed in their flight. Hadley mill which had been garrisoned during the war was burned by straggling Indians in 1677.

Hatfield was again attacked September 19th, the same year, and nine persons were killed and four wounded, and seventeen taken captive to Canada. Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings whose wives and children were among the captives, obtained permission from the government and went to Canada and ransomed the survivors of the Hatfield prisoners during the following winter. While in captivity, Mrs. Waite had a daughter born whom she named Canada; and Mrs. Jennings also had one whom she named Captivity. There was great rejoicing when the captives returned home.

The selectmen of Hadley ordered the meeting house palisaded, and that every male above the age of sixteen years carry to meeting arms and ammunition, under a penalty of one shilling for any neglect of such order.

The army headquarters during the war had been with Rev. John Russell, and he had been to great expense in furnishing extra entertainment for the officers. Neglecting to solicit remuneration from the government, Mrs. Russell took the matter up and secured a grant of seventy-eight pounds thirteen shillings and eight pence.

Comparative quiet reigned in Hadley for several years, enlivened at times by the actions of alleged witches. Finally Mary Webster was arrested for causing the death of Philip Smith by resorting to this art. She was tried in Boston and acquitted. She returned in fine feather, but "public opinion ran so high against her, that a number 'of brisk lads' of the town 'gave disturbance of the woman' on several occasions. At one time the 'disturbance' consisted in dragging her from her house and hanging her up till she was almost dead. After taking her down, they rolled her in the snow for some time, buried her in it, and there left her." She survived this "disturbance" process for eleven years, dying in 1696, aged about 70.

From 1688 to 1698, King William's War raged. Castreen attacked Deerfield, and Indians were lurking around all the river towns, making constant "watch and ward" necessary. Richard Church of Hadley was murdered while hunting in the woods. Four New York Indians were arrested and after a jury trial two were convicted and shot. Deerfield, being the frontier town suffered much more than the other river settlements.

Next came Queen Anne's War, lasting from 1702 to 1713. The destruction of Deerfield, February 29th, 1704, terrorized all the valley settlers, as well as the government at Boston. In the meadow fight which followed, fourteen Hadley men were engaged and Sergeant Robert Boltwood, his son Samuel, Jonathan Ingham, and Nathaniel Warner, Jr., were killed and ten were wounded. Thomas Selden, a Hadley man in the garrison, was also killed, and Joseph Eastman was among the captives taken to Canada.

Father Rasle's War followed in 1722 and continued four years. Fort Dummer (near Brattleboro) was built in 1724 for the protection of the river towns. Captain Joseph Kellogg, a native of Hadley was in command of Northfield.

The fifth Indian war lasted from 1744 to 1748. Col. John Stoddard of Northampton was in command of the northern militia at the beginning, and Eleazer Porter of Hadley was the second in command. The line of forts from Fort Dummer along the northern frontier to Fort Massachusetts on the Hoosac river was established. Forts were built, and houses palisaded in nearly every settlement. Many men were drawn off by the expedition for the siege and capture of Louisburg. Captain Seth Pomeroy of Northampton had a command there in which were three Hadley men. Samuel Goodman and Joseph Scott of Hadley were among the heroic band who, under the command of Sergeant John Hawks of Deerfield, held at bay de Vaudrieul with four hundred and fifty French and three hundred Indians for nearly two days, in their determined attack on Fort Massachusetts, August 19th, 1746. Sergeant Hawks had with him in the fort twenty soldiers, one chaplain, three women and five children. John Bridgman of Sunderland was killed in the first day's fight. At noon of the second day a parley was called and propositions were made by de Vaudrieul that if the fort was surrendered, the garrison should receive kind treatment and be taken captive to Canada. Hawks promised an answer in two hours. Finding eleven of his party sick with dysentery, and that but little ammunition was left, the capitulation was made. The prisoners were treated with the greatest kindness on their long journey to Canada. The second day out, the wife of John Smead gave birth to a daughter. The Indians carried the mother and child upon an improvised litter. Samuel Goodman died in Canada, March 21st, 1747.

The sixth and last Indian war commenced in 1754 and continued until 1763. Col. Ephraim Williams (the founder of Williams College) raised a regiment in the valley towns for service in this war. Captain Moses Porter of Hadley (a grandfather of Bishop Huntington) commanded a company in this regiment. On the "bloody morning scout," September 8th, 1755, Col. Williams, Captain

Porter, Henry Bartlett of Hadley, and forty-eight others were slain near Lake George, and twenty-four were wounded. During this war Hadley furnished forty-eight soldiers; South Hadley, fifty-four; Amherst, forty-two; and Granby, twenty-three.

On the alarm caused by the massacre of the surrendered garrison at Fort William Henry, Captain Moses Marsh of the Hadley militia, marched with thirty-eight men as far as the Hudson River, where they were turned back. Captain Samuel Smith of South Hadley also marched with fifty-four men of his company.

Eighty years of almost constant fighting, or in preparation for defence against the French and Indians, had developed a race of men skilled in warfare and the use of arms, which fact had immense influence in the greater struggle which was fast approaching with the mother country.

Hadley in the Colonial Wars always performed her duties with credit and renown, and that reputation she has since nobly sustained.

HADLEY IN THE REVOLUTION

By Judge Henry Stockbridge

Ex-President General of the national society of the Sons of the American Revolution

We are met tonight on sacred ground. Could yonder river rippling so peacefully along, could these ancient, clustering hills speak to us of the scenes of self-sacrifice, devotion and heroism enacted in this valley by the ancestors of those now gathered here, the tale would be one to fire the blood and make us all eager to pledge our own endeavors to do them fitting honor, and consecrate ourselves for zealous labor in behalf of a land they loved so well and to which we are so deeply indebted for the freedom and privileges which we enjoy. It is not within the limits allotted me to recall to your attention the days of King Philip's War, when scarce a family in this and the adjoining towns, escaped the loss of some member at the hands of the vengeful Indians; nor how when settlement after settlement was being abandoned, those who had taken up their home in this town remained firm, and made Hadley the center of operations. Nor can I dwell upon the self-sacrifice and devotion which a few years later led many of the same sturdy colonists to fare forth in the French and Indian War to aid their fellow-countrymen.

But all of this needs to be borne in mind, for it was of such blood that came the men and women of the Revolutionary period. With the first call to arms the men of this valley and of this town hastened to respond. And throughout all that long struggle, to the east,

north and south went the men of Hampshire County sturdily to battle. The tide of actual warfare spared this immediate vicinity, and it was far from home that they suffered and fought in summer's heat and winter's snows, but they faltered not, striving for a common purpose, the creation of a free nation to be self-governing and self-governed, a liberty which they might enjoy and hand down to their descendants, regulated by laws enacted by, not for them.

Not less worthy of honored remembrance are the women of the Revolution. The strains of martial music, the excitement of the battle's din, the colors waving in the breeze, came to but few of the mothers, wives and daughters of that day. They saw those whom they loved best on earth go forth singly or in groups, and then they waited, toiled and watched. No electric current winged them messages, reports were infrequent and uncertain; for weeks and months they endured the uncertainty of how the loved ones fared, or whether indeed they still lived, and yet these devoted women labored patiently, unceasingly, that the war might go on, that success might be won, that liberty be gained, a priceless inheritance for their children. But patriotism is not limited by time or place. The need for it is as vital today in this republic as in the day of our ancestors. The descendants of those who fought at Bunker Hill, Crown Point or Ticonderoga are now scattered far and wide over a continent. They have organized patriotic societies, are perpetuating the memory of those to whom they owe so vast a debt, are marking the sites of those events which were momentous in our nation's history. And this is well and praiseworthy. But if they pause here, they belie their name. There is no nook or corner of this land where there is not a present patriotic work to be done, without which the liberties we now enjoy may be imperiled, leaving to our descendants a heritage tarnished and impaired by our own sloth and neglect.

The demands for patriotism cover a wide range of matters of grave moment; each one of us in our own home, wherever it may be, does not have to look far afield to find a work to do; but he or she should be ready to apply himself or herself with zeal and devotion to the work which lies nearest to hand. I make suggestions simply along two lines:

Of the 80,000,000 or so, who make up the population of this republic, nearly 16 per cent are foreign born. They have come among us to make their homes, here to rear their families and live their lives; for the most part they speak a foreign tongue, and know little or nothing of the principles upon which our government rests or even the true meaning of liberty. The question is not whether we like them or dislike them, whether we expect to choose our social

friends and acquaintances among them or not. The fact is, that they are here, that they have come to stay, and that they have come in numbers which are bound to make them a potent force for weal or woe in the government of this nation. If we would preserve our own ideals uncontaminated by the influences, the prejudices, the preconceived ideas of this great element of the population, it is our duty to teach them what this country stands for, what it was which was achieved by our independence, and how they, in their turn, can become the sharers of our privileges, and be entitled to the name "American." If we do not, we leave them a prey to the demagog who for selfish or base purposes may instill into them false conceptions, and by his arts mold them to do his will.

Another influence today is insidiously working throughout this country. The projectors and founders of this republic took as the corner stone of the building they proposed to rear, the liberty of the individual and the government of the people by the acts of the governed, and we see this preserved in the town meetings of this and other New England villages; but elsewhere the tide is slowly but steadily rising toward a government, neither by the people nor by the people's chosen representatives, but through boards and commissions appointed for and over the people. Some of the great cities of this country have already adopted this change; in some the powers of the representatives of the people have been much curtailed, and in many this altered form of government is openly advocated and seriously discussed. Its adoption amounts to neither more nor less than a confession that government by the people is a failure, that we are no longer competent to protect our rights and do justice to our fellowmen, as did our fathers in days of yore. I for one, do not believe that the day has yet come when we must write down in the pages of history that the ideals of a century and a quarter ago were impracticable, and that we have not today the honesty and ability to frame just laws and impartially enforce them, but must remit such duty to individuals selected for us. To combat successfully this tendency, two things are necessary: First, that we shall ourselves be ready to serve our country, state or nation, not for the profit or fame it may bring, but for the love we bear our country; and second, that while we do this ourselves we must instill into those about us the same spirit and the same readiness to do this work.

The thought which I would leave with you this evening is that we, the descendants of the patriots of the early days of our nation's history, should more resolutely act the part of patriots in the present, to do it if need be at personal sacrifice of time, money or labor; to set an example of practical love of country, and by our acts no less

than by our words, demonstrate that we are worthy successors to those whom we call the heroes of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of our country.

HADLEY IN THE CIVIL WAR

By Rev. A. St. John Chambré

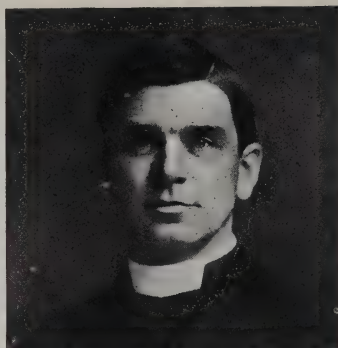
Of the nearly two hundred men that Hadley furnished to the great Union Army, some served in eighteen regiments of infantry; some in five regiments of cavalry; some in two regiments of heavy artillery; and some in two batteries of light artillery. A number of these men were commissioned officers; but whether officers or men matters not. We rightly give honor to those who had the responsibility of official position; but we may not forget that the "man behind the gun" was a potent factor in the preservation of the Union, and the exaltation of the flag.

However, we will all agree that Hadley made no greater contribution than that of Major-Gen. Joseph Hooker—in my view one of the grandest military men this country has produced. Hadley may well be proud that she gave birth to such a man. We never called him *General* Hooker. So deeply was he loved and trusted, that he was affectionately known as "Old Joe." When the word went along the lines, "Old Joe is coming," the air would be rent with the cheers that greeted his approach and his departure. They were the cheers of absolute devotion and confidence. He was one of the handsomest, most inspiring, most loyal soldiers of the Republic. No commanding officer ever drew to him more loyal affection, or greater admiration from those serving under him. His courage none ever dreamed of questioning. Where there was danger, Hooker was sure to be found. I have seen the shells bursting around him and heard the whistle of the bullets upon all sides, while he sat calm and undisturbed on his historic white horse.

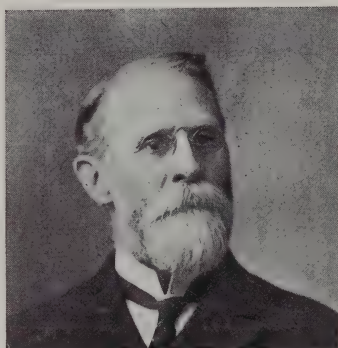
It was my fortune, and my great privilege, to know somewhat intimately, General Hooker. I have been not far from him, under almost all circumstances and conditions, by night and by day, in his tent, and upon the field. I think I knew his character and his habits. I think I knew him for what he was, and for what he desired to be and to do as a commanding general in the service of the United States. I have never known him to be false in any direction; and those who served under him from the banks of the Potomac to Lookout Mountain, can never be made to believe that he was not always all that a gentleman, an officer, a soldier should be. The charge has been made that General Hooker was not always himself, because of having taken that which does no man any good, and does



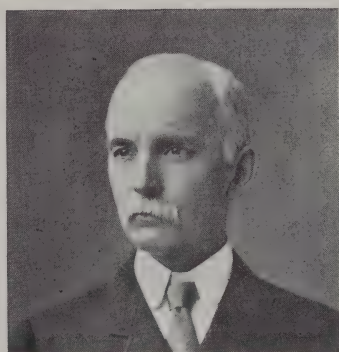
JOHN HOWARD JEWETT



REV. WALTER DE FOREST JOHNSON



PREST. W. E. HUNTINGTON



JUDGE HENRY STOCKBRIDGE



HON. GEORGE SHELDON

Some of the chief speakers

many much evil. Men and women of Hadley, I want to say to you, emphatically, and because of personal knowledge, that you may say to anyone who brings this charge of intemperance against Joseph Hooker, "It is a lie!"

Men and women of Hadley, you have a long line of splendid memories, culminating in Major-Gen. Joseph Hooker. More than forty years have passed since the war closed. Itself is becoming almost a memory. But the memory should be cherished. Many of your sons were left "dead upon the field of glory," some have died from disease contracted in the service, some suffered and languished in southern prisons, some have returned and are still with you. These last are all that is left to you of one of the grandest and noblest armies the world has ever known, or is likely to know. Honor them, respect and cherish them, for what they have done and dared. Remember, that because of the struggle of which they were a part, our flag floats everywhere freely, proudly, triumphantly. Remember, that out of that struggle this nation has won and holds the admiration of the whole world.



WEDNESDAY—LAST DAY

THE climax of old Hadley's celebration Wednesday exceeded even the highest anticipations. The limit of attendance talked of was 10,000; the immense crowd which viewed the parade in the morning numbered not less than 25,000. The old town, the efficient committees and all of the hundreds of people who contributed to the preparation for the last day of the celebration covered themselves with glory.

The people began pouring into the town at an early hour, and soon every means of transportation felt the strain of a demand far beyond its capacity. The street railway line ran its cars by twos early in the morning, and by the hour of the parade they were going as high as eight at a time and running with the greatest possible frequency. No car reached Hadley after 7 o'clock with standing room to spare, even on the running board, and in a short time the line was completely overwhelmed. The steam road ran extra coaches, but there was only one train from Northampton which arrived in Hadley in time for the parade. The Massachusetts Central division lost a rare opportunity for reaping a harvest, and it is understood that this occurred in spite of the fact that the general celebration committee had urged the company to run extra trains. The Northampton and Hadley highway was crowded all day with private and public automobiles, omnibuses and carriages. But if there was difficulty in getting the people into Hadley, there was no trouble about their accommodation after they arrived. No parade of such extent and importance was ever witnessed under circumstances more comfortable for the spectators. The fine celebration weather held to the end. The long rows of the famous Hadley elms, the deep grass-covered borders of the streets, and the seemingly limitless extent of the commons made ideal conditions for the pleasure of the immense throngs of spectators.

The several divisions of the parade formed at the lower ends of Middle and West Streets. The start was made at 10 o'clock, and the line first passed up Middle Street and by the four corners at the town hall, where was congregated one of the largest masses of the celebration crowd. Here the various features were greeted with enthusiastic applause, and the line received another similar ovation as it passed by the four corners at West Street, where was assembled

a still greater multitude. The procession reached West Street by going through North Lane, then proceeded down the full length of the west side, crossed to the east side and went up to and through Russell Street to the town hall, where it disbanded. The line was more than a mile long and occupied about three-quarters of an hour in passing a given point.

The historic pageantry was a most conspicuous and interesting feature. It comprised 11 Hadley floats, which had been projected and worked out under the direction of Clarence Hawkes, and in the same division was the important contribution made by the Gen. Joseph Hooker Association, representing Hooker's brigade, with Gen. Hooker in command.

The floats were remarkably realistic presentations of the events and life which they were intended to portray. "The angel of Hadley," "The burning of Hopkins Academy grist mill," with real smoke issuing from the crevices of the logs, "The presentation of Burgoyne's sword," and the several other events depicted, were all instantly recognized and generously applauded. The troop of Indians following "The angel of Hadley" float were exceptionally well gotten up.

The second division comprised floats from the sister and daughter towns. Hatfield and South Hadley had directed their attention to artistic effect and had produced two of the most beautiful features of the parade. Amherst and the Massachusetts Agricultural College may be said to have sought effective presentation of ideas in accord with the scholarly traditions of the college town. Old Deerfield presented an almost uncomfortable suggestion of the fate which impended over the early settlers. Granby, Northampton, Sunderland and Whately showed various phases of pioneer life.

The third division represented the progress in development of methods of travel and there were a number of exhibits of ancient vehicles. The fourth division was illustrative of Hadley of today, and contained broom shop, sorting shop and trade floats, the Hadley fire department, a float contributed by the West Street girls, which in point of artistic beauty was scarcely exceeded by anything in the parade, and the grange float, which was also one of the strikingly effective floats of the day. The fifth division presented a beautiful display of decorated carriages, and the sixth and last division comprised effectively decorated automobiles. A pleasing incident of the parade occurred just before the line reached the reviewing stand at the tent on West Street, when W. L. Baker Grand Army post, 70 strong, commanded by J. P. Thompson, swung into line and marched a short distance.

The parade was followed at noon by the impressive program of music, poetry and speaking which had been arranged for the prin-

cial anniversary meeting. After dinner the people reassembled in the celebration tent, where an informal program of congratulatory speeches from representatives of mother, sister and daughter towns, and other distinguished guests, happily concluded the events of Hadley's remarkably successful 250th anniversary celebration.

The order of procession was as follows:—Marshal, Leslie R. Smith. Deputy marshals, Chester Smith, William Sanders, W. H. Parker, William McGrath, E. F. Ryan, Charles Byron, Emerson Searle, Charles Pelissier, Walter Kellogg, E. S. Marsh, Charles Thayer.

Carriage with Lieut.-Gov. Frothingham, Judge Henry Stockbridge, president of the day; John Gough Sutton, direct descendant of Goffe, the regicide; Dr. F. H. Smith, chairman of the general committee.

Carriage with Capt. John Nicholson and Capt. W. C. Pond of the governor's staff, Cornelius Callahan and J. S. Barstow, selectmen.

Carriage with Capt. E. L. Logan and Lieut. Freeman Hinckley of the governor's staff, Rev. T. A. Emerson, pastor of the Hadley First Church; Clarence Hawkes.

Carriage with Selectmen John C. Ryan, Thomas J. Ryan and C. Edward Warner, and Town Clerk L. H. Kingsley of Hatfield.

Carriage with C. K. Morton, J. E. Porter, M. J. Ryan and L. L. Pease of Hatfield.

Carriage with the Wethersfield delegation, comprising Rev. George L. Clark, Selectman A. W. Hamner, ex-Selectman J. G. Adams and Treasurer J. F. Wells. This delegation carried a banner with blue field, on which was inscribed in yellow letters, "Greetings of Wethersfield to her daughter."

Division 1. Marshal, R. J. McQueston. The Hadley float section. It was led by the Stevens band of Chicopee Falls and the floats were as follows:—

Hockanum float, "Indians deed the land, 1659" (Mrs. Elliott Johnson, chairman)—Woodland scene with cedar trees, logs and stumps, trimmings of white and light green and boxwood flowers. Three Puritans, one of them writing the deed and the others handing to the Indians the articles of payment. The Puritans were represented by Luther Barstow, Richard Thayer and Ernest Russell, and the Indians by Oscar Johnson, Harold Barstow and Raymond Shipman. The float was drawn by four horses, covered with blankets of white bordered with green.

Russellville float, "Red man or white" (William P. Ryan, chairman)—A genuine log cabin with the bark still on the logs in the foreground; in the rear a wigwam of the savages. The floor of

the float was covered with evergreens, the wheels were hidden by decorations of red and white bunting and along the sides were miniature hedges of evergreen. Hemlock trees in each corner. Two of the settlers were represented by Miss Nellie M. Hickey, who sat in front of the cabin knitting, and Henry E. Ryan, who was engaged in whittling an ax helve; a flintlock gun close at hand. Facing them, in front of the wigwam, sat two Indians, represented by Miss Florence W. Adams and Fred M. Day. This float was drawn by four horses decorated in red and white.

West Street float, "Angel of Hadley" (Clarence Hawkes, chairman)—Model of the church, with arms of the worshipers stacked on either side of the door and sunflowers growing near the steps; Indians partly concealed in a thicket, and arrows and tomahawks sticking in the door; the regicide, Goffe, known in Colonial history as the angel of Hadley, pushing open the door and pointing toward the Indians with his sword. This float was followed by mounted Indians of King Philip. The part of Goffe was taken by B. W. Cogswell.

Hopkins Academy float, "Burning of grist-mill at North Hadley" (F. H. Smith, chairman)—Mill of weathered boards, bags of grain and disused millstone near the door, smoke issuing from doors and windows, dead white man lying in doorway, scalped and pierced by arrow; back of mill, savages yelling and brandishing tomahawks. This float was drawn by four black horses, caparisoned in yellow and white, the colors of Hopkins Academy, and having upon the housing of each horse, the coat of arms of Governor Hopkins.

East Hadley float, "The Hadley witch" (R. M. Smith, chairman)—Out-of-doors scene, with bushes, a small tree and rough board fence; leaning against the tree the Hadley witch, having a black cat in her arms, a yellow bird on her shoulder and a broom at her side; at the turnstile in the fence the bailiff leaned on his staff, and three women behind the fence reviled the witch, while a frightened child crouched under a bush. The float was draped in black, relieved by a few red poppies, and was drawn by four white horses. The witch was Miss Lucia Eddy, the bailiff Frank Greene, the child Sybil Frink, and the enraged women Miss Edith Frink, Mrs. Chester Smith and Miss Phoebe Demers.

North Hadley float, "Ye old-time kitchen" (Arthur Howe, chairman)—Old-fashioned kitchen, with fireplace in which logs are burning, large beam in the ceiling, strung with dried apples, squash and herbs, ancient kitchen furniture, crane on which pot is hung over the fire, outfit of iron kettles and other kitchen utensils actually in use a century ago; above the mantel a deer's head with flintlock musket resting on the antlers; decorations, a white canopy and red trimmings; four women engaged in paring apples, churning with

old-time up-and-down churn, and performing other kitchen work. The women were Mrs. Richard Hibbard, Mrs. Charles Shaw, Mrs. William Comins and Mrs. Wesley Stockwell. The float was drawn by four gray horses with red plumes.

Hartsbrook float, "Ye log school-house" (Fred Pelissier, chairman)—A school-house built of logs, with thatched roof, teacher seated near the door outside the building, pupils studying, working samplers and playing, friendly Indians visible in the bushes near by; decorations of orange and blue bunting, red poppies and sunflowers. The teacher was Miss Julia Sartwell, the pupils Stanley West, Joseph Barber, Delphina Barlow and Ruth Sabin, and the Indians, Joseph Benben, Arthur Smith and Clifton Morton.

New Boston float, "French and Indian War" (Mrs. H. E. Smith, chairman)—Float and canopy decorated in purple and orange bunting, with display of English roses in cornucopias at the front corners and purple fleur-de-lis in cornucopias at the back corners; British soldiers in full uniform at the front, headed by General Wolfe, and French soldiers at the back, headed by General Montcalm, flags of both nations displayed. The English group comprised D. Homer Keedy as General Wolfe, Harold Sollows as scout, Martin Pierce and Lewis Gardner, and the French party, Edward Coffee as Montcalm, Frank Goodman as Indian chief, William Phillips and Patrick Russell.

Float, "Burgoyne presents his sword" (Elliott J. Aldrich, chairman)—A room in Colonel Porter's house, walled and ceiled in the colonial colors of blue and white, furniture that which was in the room when the original scene was enacted and the actual sword in the hands of the person representing General Burgoyne; Colonel Porter in the act of receiving the sword, members of General Burgoyne's staff standing near him, and Colonel Porter's wife and son in the room. The principal parts were taken as follows: General Burgoyne, Fordyce Reynolds; Colonel Porter, Samuel Bell; Mrs. Porter, Mrs. John Kratzer; Colonel Porter's son, Louis Crosier. The housings of the four horses had a blue field, with white border, and the letters "D. A. R." in yellow, the float having been prepared by Old Hadley chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution. This float was followed by Colonial soldiers conducting British red-coats as prisoners to Boston.

Middle Street float, "Hooker's farewell to his mother" (Frank Pelissier, chairman)—Model of Hooker house, with porch and section of the lawn, Mrs. Hooker on the porch, Cadet Hooker about to take his departure, while a cadet waits on the lawn to accompany him; house decorated in the national colors, and the four horses carried red, white and blue plumes and small flags. The part of Cadet

Hooker was taken by Thomas Cahill and the part of Mrs. Hooker by Mrs. Nicholas Powers.

Float, "Spirit of '61" (H. C. Russell, chairman)—A tent about which were soldiers of Co. F of the 37th Massachusetts volunteers; on the ridgepole company and regimental designation, and conspicuously displayed a card bearing titles of the 20 battles in which the company was engaged; Uncle Sam, seated beside the driver, carried a banner, inscribed on one side, "Boys of '61," and on the other, "Hadley sent 212 boys to the war;" bugler sounded the army calls. The soldiers on this float were these members of Co. F: H. C. Russell, F. P. Wheeler and Joseph F. Smith of Hadley, F. J. Stockbridge of Northfield, George L. Cooley of Sunderland, H. W. Field of Leverett and B. R. Franklin of Springfield. This float was drawn by four gray horses, decorated with red, white and blue plumes. Four Sons of Veterans rode at the heads of the horses, and four rode at the corners of the float.

General Hooker and the Hooker brigade—Co. I of Northampton, armed and equipped in every detail as soldiers of the Civil War. This was the contribution of the Hooker Association of Massachusetts to the day's program, and the association went to considerable expense to reproduce the old Civil War equipments and uniforms. Richard H. Hibbard of North Hadley impersonated General Hooker, and was mounted on a white horse and wore the "dicky" characteristic of the general. The greater part of his uniform was that actually worn by Hooker, the spurs being worn at Antietam, where a rebel bullet knocked out one of the rowels, which was afterward replaced by the headquarters blacksmith. The sword carried was Hooker's staff sword, worn by him during the Mexican War. Four mounted cavalry sergeants followed "Gen. Hooker," one carrying the headquarters standard of the commander of the army of the Potomac. The others carried the battle flags of the 1st army corps, the 20th army corps, and the 2d division of the 3d corps. The latter division was the one commanded by General Hooker in the Peninsular campaign. Co. I of Northampton, impersonating "Hooker's men," was organized as a battalion of Hooker's old brigade, Capt. Charles S. Riley acting as colonel in command. The men wore the old McClellan caps, with the corps badges which Hooker first introduced, the old-style uniforms, blanket rolls, tin dippers, and heavy infantry equipments, the gray canteens and glazed haversacks, and carried the old muzzle-loading Springfield rifles of Civil War days. The appearance of "Hooker's men" brought back to many Grand Army men present vivid recollections of their army days, and the whole was a feature of exceptional interest.

Division 2. Marshal, E. P. West. The daughter and granddaughter and sister towns sent floats to make up the second division, which was led by the Northampton band. Immediately following was a wagon containing five girls with banners representing Hadley, Hatfield, Amherst, South Hadley and Granby. The town floats were as follows:—

The Hatfield float represented Industry and Prosperity. It carried the town seal on each side. The float was drawn by four white horses. The trimmings of the body of the float and the canopy were yellow and white, and goldenrod. Five young women represented Industry, working at spinning wheels, flax wheels and samplers. Miss Anna Day represented Prosperity and was surrounded by several attendants. The float was accompanied by a guard on foot dressed in continental military uniforms.

The Amherst float represented the college and Noah Webster. It was trimmed in the college colors, purple and white, with the college seal on each side, was drawn by four gray horses with the driver dressed as a colonial soldier. Sedately seated in the center was a well-known Amherst woman, to represent Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. She was clad in the customary long robe, bearing the egis on her breast and armed with the golden helmet and spear, and perched aloft was a wondrously big white owl. In the rear there was a mammoth representation of the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary that stood eight feet high, six wide and four thick, the first edition of which was compiled for the most part in Amherst.

The South Hadley float was drawn by three fine bay horses abreast. The float, entirely of white and gold, bore 10 young women who carried out the symbolism of the town seal. They represented "manufactures, agriculture and education." Three platforms, each smaller and higher than the one below it, formed the basis of the float. There was one young woman on each corner of the first and second platforms and two on the top platform, all in graceful Greek costumes of white and gold. Each young woman, seated, held something to carry out the symbolism. The float was designed by the committee of which Dr. D. E. Harriman was chairman. Associated with him were Fred M. Smith and M. J. Moriarty.

The Granby float represented three generations: Hadley, the grandmother was represented by an old woman robed in the style of 200 years ago. She was seated on a pedestal, while just below on either side were two women to represent the daughter town of South Hadley. They were garbed in the style of 100 years ago. A half-dozen young girls dressed in white occupied the space below, or the body of the float. These represented the granddaughter town of



South Hadley float



Amherst float



Deerfield float

Granby. The decorations were purple, gold and white, with four large palms, one on each corner.

The Northampton float represented the "Perils of our ancestors," and was an out-of-door scene, with Puritan men, women and children in a clearing and armed Indians skulking behind rocks and bushes at the edge of the woods. The effect of this scene was extended by paintings of rocks, trees and water, which concealed the wheels of the float at the sides and back and were matched in with the natural objects on the platform. Alderman Perry O. Brown was the chairman of the committee that prepared the float.

The Deerfield float was 16 feet long by eight wide and was divided into two sections, one representing the living-room in the house of Rev. John Williams on the evening before the attack on Deerfield, February 28, 1704, and the other, Indians in ambush ready to make the attack on the peaceful group gathered in the minister's home. Around the outside of the float were palisades representing the stockade of that time. The living-room had its appropriate furnishings of the period. The ancient color of the ceiling and walls, the brick fireplace, with its goose-necked andirons, and burning logs were prominent features. The "Betty lamp" hung on the wooden crane hinged to the mantle-tree, and furnished the only movable light for the family. Other heirlooms included a child's quaint high chair belonging to the early part of 1700. Powder horns and an ancient pistol fashioned after the one used by Rev. John Williams when the attack was made by the Indians, hung on the chimney-breast. Old silhouettes, crooked-neck squashes, dried apples, etc., were suspended from the ceiling and wall. The family Bible lay on the table, with ink-stand, quill pens, sand-box, wafers and writing paper 187 years old. A small brass-nailed trunk containing the papers of the minister, a spinning wheel, a cradle in which was the six-weeks-old baby, an old churn, quaint chairs and stools made up the furnishings of the room. The float was designed by George Sheldon, the venerable historian. The painting and lettering was the work of Rev. R. E. Birks.

The float which Sunderland sent represented the giving of the deed of Swampfield, now Sunderland, by two Indian men and an Indian woman, to the proprietors, who were four Hadley men, Robert Boltwood, John Hubbard, Joseph Kellogg and Thomas Dickinson. Those four men were represented on the float by descendants who now live in Sunderland. The base of the float was covered with hemlock boughs, and the surface represented a forest with evergreen trees. Close by was a wigwam. The deed was signed on a stump. Those representing both the pioneers and the Indians

were dressed in appropriate costumes, and the four horses were led by boys dressed as young Puritans.

Whately is a granddaughter of Hadley, so it seemed fitting that the Whately float should present the subject of a colonial granddaughter. This was done by a log cabin suggesting the early settler's home. A veranda projected from one end of the cabin, and on the veranda sat an elderly woman in colonial costume at her little flax spinning wheel. Across her cap was the word Hadley, for she is the grandmother. On the other side of the veranda a younger woman was embroidering a large scarf, on which was seen the word Hatfield, for she is the mother. Between the two colonial dames a little girl played with blocks, each of which bore a letter large enough to be seen at a distance, and in her play she arranged the blocks in such a way as to spell Whately. In the cabin were ancient furnishings, gun and powder horn, etc. The float was drawn by four caparisoned horses, and on the covering of the lead horses, was the name Whately, while "Whately, the granddaughter," was on the covering of the wheel horses. Four postilions in Colonial uniform walked by the horses and a guard of six Colonial troopers accompanied the float, while two mounted Indians brought up the rear.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College was represented by a float, composed of three arches with a deck, drawn by four heavy black horses, all trimmed with the college colors, maroon and white, and followed by two mounted cavalrymen. There were illustrated in the front arch a variety of dairy appliances. In the rear arch were displayed many kinds of modern farm machinery. The military department of the college was well illustrated with guns, men and other equipment in the center arch. By far the most striking features, however, were shown on the deck, where the past, present and future of agriculture were vividly portrayed. In the rear was a typical old farmer of a century ago, clad in homespun, smoking his pipe and reading a farmer's almanac by the light of a tallow dip. In the front was a modern agriculturist, seated at his desk, dressed in a smart business suit, with a telephone and a stack of reference books and magazines close by, reading a scientific agricultural journal. On the top was an aeroplane hitched to a plow, showing the possibilities of the farmer in the future.

Division 3. Marshal, Thomas H. Hickey. Brightside drum corps, 23 boys. Puritan man and woman on horseback, Fred and Sadie Pelissier. Leather Stocking scout and Miles Standish, Robert Adair and George Heiden. Indian in canoe, Henry Burt. Gig from Montague, R. R. Lyman. Chaise from Northampton, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Cleveland. Flat boat loaded with rum and molasses,

John Field. Old-fashioned vehicle from North Hadley, Arthur Conant and Miss Sybil Conant. Old stage coach, representation of bridal couple, T. J. S. Parsons and Mrs. Mary E. Gibbon; little girl riding on the roof, Anna Modjeska; driver, Dexter Hunter; coach furnished by Rufus Smith. Decorated 'bus containing Plainville people. Modern four-in-hand from Holyoke, containing Hadley people now living in Holyoke, assembled by Mrs. W. G. Dwight.

Division 4. Marshal, A. B. Kentfield. Holyoke drum corps, 20 men.

Float representing Hope grange of Hadley (John W. Marsh, chairman)—Artistic display of flowers, fruits, vegetables and grains, trimmings of yellow and green, and effective arrangement of hundreds of yellow chrysanthemums and poppies; Flora, Pomona and Ceres were represented on the float by Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. L. A. Gardner and Miss Marion Wood.

Float, "Queen of the fairies," arranged by the girls of West Street (Miss Emily Aldrich, chairman)—The queen (Miss Alice Horton) in a large white lily, wearing a crown and carrying a scepter, 13 little girls surrounding the lily, wearing white dresses, spangled with stars, with wings on their shoulders and wands in their hands; trimmings of yellow and white bunting and yellow chrysanthemums. Float drawn by four white horses, caparisoned in yellow and white.

Broomcorn float, contributed by Charles Cook & Son—Exhibiting the process of broommaking in earlier days by means of foot-power winder, hand press and hand seeder. Float decorated with broomcorn and five men at work.

Float of tobacco industry, contributed by Thomas E. Burke—Various processes shown, including curing, taking down, sorting, sizing, tying, packing and rolling into cigars. Float decorated in white and green and drawn by four horses decorated with flags.

Hose wagons Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Division 5. Marshal, Warner H. Nash. Decorated Carriages. Miss Emily Aldrich of Hadley and Mrs. Miller of Springfield, yellow and white chrysanthemums.

Miss Byron and Miss O'Donnell, pink and white chrysanthemums and pink roses.

Miss Hannah Sessions and Miss Catherine Huntington, granddaughters of Bishop F. D. Huntington, in Mrs. A. L. Sessions' runabout, decorated with hollyhocks, the favorite flower of Bishop Huntington, for which the Huntington farm is famous.

Mrs. A. M. A. Laporte of Northampton and Miss Leyman of New York, hansom cab decorated with poinsetta.

Miss Mimitz and Miss Margaret Purcell, pink and white chrysanthemums.

Misses Ethel and Rena Dickinson of Northampton, yellow and white chrysanthemums.

Harry Gaylord and Miss Bessie Duffey of Northampton, pink and yellow chrysanthemums.

John White and family, pink poppies and white chrysanthemums.

Mrs. John Field and Miss May Cowles, purple and white chrysanthemums.

Robert McConnell, yellow chrysanthemums.

William Wilson and Miss Greeley, pink chrysanthemums.

C. N. Fitts and family of Northampton, yellow and blue trimming.

John Dwyer and children, purple wistaria.

D. D. O'Donnell and family, Mary Williams and Jennie Carter, green and pink.

Division 6. Marshal, W. H. Comins. Decorated automobiles.

Hugh McLeod of Hatfield, elaborate trimmings in purple and white and red poppies, 11 people.

Thomas F. McGrath and family, blue and white.

Fred Bement of Northampton, flags.

James H. Laselle, lavender and white, wistaria and blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Prince of North Hadley, yellow and white.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Nash, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Kellogg and guests, in automobile elaborately trimmed in blue and white.

Edward Huntington Fallows of New York, red, white and green trimmings, machine carrying children of the Day, Stevenson and Huntington families.

The anniversary exercises drew about 2,000 to the big tent after the parade. Lieut.-Gov. Louis A. Frothingham brought the state's greeting to Hadley and President W. E. Huntington of Boston University made a fine historical address. Judge Henry Stockbridge of Baltimore, Md., was chairman of the meeting. The Stevens Band played before and during the exercises.

The afternoon meeting was one of the most enjoyable of the celebration. It was sort of a birthday party of towns. All the relatives were there, and fine indeed were the things they said about their relative, Hadley—and, incidentally, most of them found in Hadley's excellence and their relation to her, ample excuse to say some fine things about themselves, for loyalty to native and home towns is instilled in her sons in a most marked degree by Massachusetts—

and perhaps one may say in a still more marked degree by Western Massachusetts.

Judge Henry Stockbridge of Baltimore, the presiding officer, deserves much credit for the enjoyment of the meeting, for not only did he forestall a too-generous contribution by any one speaker, but he himself contributed much to the brightness by pleasant humor and good nature. He brought the meeting to a close with the wish that all would be present at the 500th anniversary celebration.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

By O. W. Prouty of the Board of Selectmen

Ladies and gentlemen, Hadley bids me give you a most cordial and hearty welcome. She is indeed proud to entertain you. When she invited you to come here she invited you because she wanted you here. Hadley is honored by the presence today of the Lieutenant-Governor of our grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to him she extends her greeting and welcome. Hadley, the mother town, holds out welcoming hands to her sons and daughters, their children and children's children, neighbors and friends residing in the daughter and sister towns, and to those who have come from distant places.

The memories of the past, the activities of the present, the hopes for the future, what was and is and shall be, welcome you. The "great river," the wide meadows, the fertile fields, the "broad street," the beautiful elms, all unite to welcome you. And Hadley hopes the recollections of your visit will be so pleasant that you will want to come again.

GREETINGS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

By Lieut.-Gov. Louis A. Frothingham

It has been a great pleasure to come here and see your beautiful town, and it is exceedingly kind of you to entertain so hospitably. The members of the staff and I greatly appreciated the opportunity it gave us to view from the top of Mount Holyoke the surrounding country and feast our eyes on the beautiful panorama with its winding river and lovely country beyond.

There have been numerous celebrations recently of historic events. The ter-centenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain and the historic pageants in that marvelous and beautiful region, brought to our minds the long train of events of great importance to this country inaugurated on that July day when the Frenchman and his little party sailed into those waters. There has also been a celebra-

tion in Norwich, and the other day I attended an anniversary in honor of Miles Standish at Duxbury, celebrated by the presence of torpedo boats from the United States Navy, by speeches and a pageant representing various phases in the history of the Pilgrim Colony and Colonial days. It was a great treat to view another pageant, a very magnificent one, this morning. The representations on the floats as the parade passed us were intensely interesting. The completeness of all details in each float made it so realistic that one could easily imagine he was living hundreds of years ago.

This celebration differs from any of the others, except that held at Ticonderoga, in the fact that your history is marked, not merely by one important event in a single epoch, but is impressed on the memory of mankind by distinct historic episodes in the great struggles of our history. The days when the settlers were battling with the forests, enduring the hardships of planting a colony in the wilderness and among the savages, is marked by the secret residence here of two regicides, Goffe and Whalley, at one time generals in the army of Oliver Cromwell. The story of the Angel of Hadley is one of the most picturesque episodes in our history. The encampment here of the army of Burgoyne on its way to Boston after its surrender at Saratoga is another distinctive incident in the important period of the history of Massachusetts and the United States when we were shaking off the British yoke and paving our way toward an independent nation. The third great struggle in the history of this country, the most altruistic war that was ever waged because it was fought, not for conquest, nor for aggrandizement, but for another race, is marked by the birth here of a man that not only Massachusetts but the whole country delights to honor—"Fighting Joe Hooker."

Yours is a grand and memorable history, great because of the feats that have taken place here and the manner in which they have been performed. Cherish them tenderly; they belong not to you alone, but to all of us. Without such stirring traditions as a background to our history, patriotism would cease to exist, and without patriotism no country can live.

GREETING FROM HADLEIGH, ENGLAND

We, the members and officers of the Local Authority, and on behalf of the town of Hadleigh, in the county of Suffolk, England, send hearty congratulations to you, the authorities and inhabitants of Hadley, in Massachusetts, on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of your town. We are proud to hear that the name is supposed to have been adopted from that of our home, especially as in our immediate neighbourhood there is the village of Groton,

where was born John Winthrop, who had so much to do with the early history of your state. Our own history goes back more than one thousand years. When your town was founded in 1659, ours was governed by a Mayor and Corporation. In the chances of history we have lost that distinction. We are glad to see that, like us, you have produced many eminent men, and especially, as is shown by your present celebration, that you have so strong a sense of the continuity of history. It is not a little noticeable that some of the names on your list of chairmen are still well known here.

We congratulate you on what, in a new country, is a very great antiquity, and are proud of the fact that, even were it only in the similarity of the name, we are connected with you. We beg your acceptance of a short history of our town, and of an album containing photographs of some of the ancient and principal buildings, which, we trust, may be interesting to you. We hope that your quarter millennial celebration will be a very successful one, and we heartily wish you happiness in the present and every success in the future.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

By William Edwards Huntington, President of Boston University

Old Hadley is a good type of the New England town. Lying very near the heart of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, rounding out its two hundred and fifty years of honorable history, blessed above most townships in natural beauty and fertile resources, this noble town may well celebrate its quarter millennium with gratitude and honest pride.

The town is the natural and logical unit of the Republic. Its value, in estimating the strength of our Federal government, is fundamental. In the nice adjustment of the parts to the whole the town lies at the basis; and the great structure of our nation with all its vast connected interests seems to be securely rooted in the system of town-units—homogeneous yet distinct, having a common nature, and yet each enjoying political integrity.

But the great value of the town as established and developed in New England, on the basis of the English model, is that it is a convenient sphere where the first principles of a civil order may find their proper function. The town is better than the old tribal or clan form of social organization. The tribe implied a band of families, where blood relationship determined membership. The modern town widens the conditions of membership to all permanent residents who share the burden of taxation. The town is an improvement upon the Greek *ecclesia* and the Roman *comitia*; for Anglo-Saxon

experimenting upon those ancient forms of democratic government, before New England was settled, had wrought out great advances in organic form which could not belong to the primitive types of local government in Athens or in Rome.

All political critics of the American form of government agree that the town furnishes an admirable schooling for the people in elementary civil order. Where do the people learn the simple lesson of political responsibility? In the town meeting; where immediate interests urge men to take a share in making and executing local law. They learn the value of suffrage from its relation to their homes, their neighborhood, and the affairs that are under their everyday observation. From such local and elementary political experience it is natural and easy to pass to the wider and more weighty functions that state and federal government require of the active citizen. The town, like the individual, learns as time goes on, that it is not in quiet seclusion or isolation from large interests, that its own life and influence are best served; but as its citizens become the state's men as well as town's men; as it sends men out into the large arena of the nation, where they are recognized as leaders in great causes, counsellors in federal interests, staunch defenders of the nation's life in perilous times—so does the little town see the fruit of its schooling, realize that "its lines go out into all the earth," and lives not to itself alone but for the great common good of the nation.

This has been the good fortune of the town of Hadley. Its history is not simply the story of its own local interests; but, as the names of some of its citizens have been connected with the nation's progress and with events big with national significance, your town history is made illustrious and exemplary.

Another special value of town life to be mentioned is the fact that in the associations of the town a variety of interests are brought into near relation to each other. The farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the school-master, the clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, and the laborer who may be simply the Jack-of-all-trades (a very useful member of the community, if he is fairly good at all), these meet each other frequently, know each other's business, and genealogies; mingle not only at the town meeting, but on the street, at the post office, in the village store, at church; learn to respect each other's rights, to honor the broad-minded and generous citizens, to discount and even punish the refractory and vicious—in short, the town at large is disciplined in the fine art of democracy—the art of living together as a compact and vital commonwealth. Rivalries there will be. Competition will surely make itself felt. Inequalities will appear. Some will rise in the social scale, some will live on a dead level, some will be depressed by their own lack of spirit and



Sunderland float



Granby float



Whately float

energy. But the lessons of a free and independent democracy, in a limited arena, may all be learned in this political and social schooling of the town life.

Hadley was bountifully favored by nature from the beginning. No wonder that the Indian resented the invasion of white settlers of this beautiful hunting ground which seemed to be his by a primordial right. Yet, we cannot yield that other higher right of occupancy which the colonists claimed as they came hither from Connecticut, bearing in their breasts the inextinguishable and irresistible Anglo-Saxon instinct for civilization, liberty, law, and all that is meant by a civil order. Barbarism makes no argument worth hearing when civilization asks it to give way. Cruelty is wrong. Injustices are anomalous when civilized men, so-called, are guilty of them. But, all savagery must retire, or surrender to the conquering power of enlightenment. Your forebears on this soil had behind them, as they became the founders of this community, a thousand years and more of English history. They saw in these woods and meadows a most alluring spot for transplanting the best political life that had been evolved on British soil, by the struggles in Parliament and on many a battlefield through the troubled ages of England's progress.

Many a town in New England is physically unattractive, sterile, and of slender resources of any kind. Not so Hadley. The very name to you who know it well sounds rich. It ranks among the words in our mother tongue which are mellow and poetic, that kindle a gracious set of feelings in the heart, and seem like those pictures which by coloring, perspective, and subject never tire us as we look at them over and over again, but always refresh and inspire. Your great river, the silver artery of western New England, your luxuriant lowlands and wooded highlands, the sheltering hills on every side, make this a garden-spot, which invites your most faithful industry, and rewards you with bounteous fruitage. I met one of your former townsmen on a high place over yonder some years ago, and he waved his hand over this landscape, tears of sheer enjoyment filling his eyes and said, "It is enough to break one's heart, this beauty of sky and mountain, of field and wood and river." Here was a spirit that felt the exquisite joy there is for any sensitive soul who has eyes to see and a heart to feel the beauty of these common things that lie about us as a perennial gift of Nature.

Your own Clarence Hawkes, John Howard Jewett, Julia Taft Bayne, Elbridge Kingsley and Clifton Johnson have by pen or brush, in song and in colors, expressed for us the sentiments which every true heart feels in looking out upon this landscape.

No philosopher has yet been able to estimate in any exact terms the value of fine scenery to the inhabitants who live in its constant

presence. Yet, it is very clear that where there is an interpreting mind to describe and utter in fitting language the elevating lesson that nature has to teach, a profound and yet subtle influence is exhaled from the dumb earth and feeds the inner springs of life. Scott and Burns interpreted the beauties of Scotland to the people of that little country; and who can tell how much of the loyalty, the patriotism, the high-mindedness of that race, may come from the picturesque country that is its home? Wordsworth and other Lake Poets of England did a like service for the English people. The Swiss have taken on something of the strength and greatness of their commanding scenery. It was not a mere accident that Italy, with such natural beauty as it possesses, should be the home of art; or that Greece, more anciently, should, with its favored gifts of natural loveliness, be the fountain-head of so much in poetry and art that still holds preëminence in the world.

What is known as tradition has much to do with the permanent character of a settled community. In these times of shifting population, when travel has been made easy, and our nervous American temper is ready and even eager for change of scene, where young blood and adventurous courage are impatient of routine, the power of tradition in our communities is diminished. But we look backward with a measure of satisfaction over two and a half centuries out of our restless, seething times, and think of the quiet, steady flow of the stream of Hadley life. That high political principle which was the motive power in colonizing this valley was inwrought in the fibre of the settlers and their descendants, so that civil liberty was not only expressed in town law and local administration, but it became the tradition, and ran in the blood of the inhabitants from generation to generation. The story of the regicide judges who found a safe hiding-place in Hadley probably took on something of the coloring that myths have usually acquired by age, and under the cunning touch of imagination, those historic persons became picturesque, and even a supernatural halo lights up the final career of the two fugitives as they mingled in the heroic events of your ancestors in the times of peril. We need not be too careful to sift the evidences, and decide how much is fancy, when we are satisfied that the gist of the story is that resistance to tyranny in the old world met the sympathy of staunch lovers of liberty in the new world. Hadley was on the side of Cromwell and the Commonwealth of England, and against the tyranny of Charles I. As we read of the militant life that New England Colonists must necessarily have lead at times, to protect their communities from the incursion of savages; then, on the wider arena of the war for independence, how the whole confederation of colonies was a united camp, it is easy to infer that the tradition of heroic

times was vitally maintained and was never lost to the memory of your town. The stories of Moses Porter and his contemporaries were not allowed to die out; there was even in this peaceful valley of the Connecticut enough slumbering military courage and martial spirit to give Hadley a notable place among the towns of Massachusetts, when the Civil War broke with its crimson surges across the history of our beloved country. Of the one hundred and forty-six thousand, seven hundred and thirty men that went out from this Commonwealth to help preserve the integrity of the Union, a noble contingent went from Hadley. You are proud of their services and their sacrifices, as you are proud of the good soldiers of those earlier conflicts in which many laid down their lives that you might enjoy the heritage which is yours today.

One distinguished name cannot be omitted as we think, but have not time to speak, of all the Hadley men who fought for their country from 1861-65. Major-General Joseph Hooker belonged to you. A son of Hadley, a West Point soldier, a brilliant officer in the Mexican War and brevetted for his good service; he found the War of the Rebellion an arena for which his natural traits and training had richly prepared him. Hooker had been in California, tried farming and failed. Like General Grant, who just before the war was an obscure farmer and tanner; so Hooker had made no success in avocations of peace. But the tocsin of war roused these men. Hooker went to Washington, sought to get an appointment and was introduced one day to Mr. Lincoln, after he had felt the cold shoulder of army officers who would not help him. He said to Mr. Lincoln, "I am about to return home. I was anxious to pay my respects to you and to express my wishes for your personal welfare and success in quelling this rebellion. And I want to say one word more," he added abruptly. "I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity in me to say I am a blanked sight better General than you had on that field."

The President shook Hooker's hand, begged him to sit down, began a social chat which of course led to a story, and to a more intimate acquaintance. Lincoln soon made Hooker a Brigadier General and was one of his firmest friends thereafter.

General Hooker was not a Grant or a Thomas or a Stonewall Jackson or a Robert E. Lee. But he was swift, impetuous, full of fire and daring. He was not afraid to utter his own opinions as to the conduct of the war. His criticisms were not always accurate; they frequently brought him into trouble, and even hedged his own path to promotion when he assailed the plans of his commanding General. But he had something of the genius that Napoleon carried

among his soldiery—"a powerful presence." He dominated his men by his soldierly qualities, and by his martial spirit.

In the Peninsula Campaign, in the week of battles on the Chickahominy, at Malvern Hill; on Lookout Mountain, at Resaca, at Atlanta—in all these fields of awful contest Hooker was an intrepid and relentless fighter, determined that his battalions and the cause of his country should win. His energy and his enthusiasm sometimes saved his flagging troops from defeat as, when the Army of the Cumberland was surprised one time by the enemy, Hooker rallied and saved it from panic. Hooker was rough; but he had rough work to do. He was blunt and critical; but much that he found fault with needed to be punctured with sharp epithets. His statue stands today near the State House in Boston. At its unveiling Governor Bates said, "Never in the rear, but always leading his troops, sharing their danger, and beloved by them; always seeking the enemy whether in the valley or on the mountain, self-reliant, resourceful, intrepid, impetuous, General Hooker was a fighter with his sword always drawn, a hero of battles, a soldier and a patriot."

This town has had a wide reputation for its devotion to sound education. The maintenance of the school which has borne the name of its founder, Edward Hopkins, from the beginning, shows that there has been a perennial love for learning here which has been significant for your community and for this entire region. The Hopkins Foundation proved to be "seed-corn" for education in the Connecticut Valley. It would be difficult to estimate the precise influence which this Academy has exerted, not simply as seen in the careers of its long line of pupils, but also as an example to other communities. Who can tell how much South Hadley, Amherst, Northampton, Easthampton and Hatfield owe to Old Hadley and its Hopkins Academy for the institutions of learning that now make those towns famous. Amherst College, Mt. Holyoke College, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Smith College—all these are within a short radius of your time-honored Academy; and I feel confident that a school like this whose life has been so vigorous and prolonged must have been a stimulus and a power in the founding and growth of these other centres of sound learning. It was Hadley that kept alive in the heart of this encircling community the ideals of a noble intellectual life. The names of Hitchcock, Seelye and Mary Lyon are venerated by us all; for those staunch Christian leaders had broad conceptions of what higher education should mean in a Christian land, and they carried out the ideas which Hopkins had when he founded your school. I find that the records show that seventy-five students of the Academy have (up

to 1890) become ministers of the Gospel; twenty-five have entered the medical profession; forty-three have won distinction in civil service; there have been seventy-eight women who were trained here for honorable positions,—among them Lucy Stone, and Eunice W. Bullard, who married Henry Ward Beecher; and sixty-six men who served in the ranks of the army in the Civil War. This school is a land-mark; nay more, it is like that ancient column of Trajan which stands in the centre of modern Rome, bearing on its marble surface from base to summit, the sculptured history of the Emperor's achievements. So your modest Academy carries in its own distinct history, and in the long roll of its teachers and students, the marks of the finer things that belong to the history of your whole community.

There never was a time in your long history when the place and function of the Christian Church among you was forgotten or neglected. This does not mean that religious life here was always ideal, or that its surface expressions were always serene and unruffled. The men and women of Hadley have been in the habit of doing their own thinking. You still do your thinking that way, no doubt. Even a matter like the choice of the exact spot where your sanctuary should stand caused debate. But there never was any serious doubt that the church should stand somewhere in the village! So in the theological opinions of your community, you could not always be agreed in statements of creed. But you were far more intolerant of the man with no religious convictions whatever than you were with those whose beliefs were not exactly like your own. My own grandmother was dismissed from the fellowship of the Congregational Church here because her views on certain doctrines of the Calvinistic theology were not in harmony with those of the creed of the society. Yet, she maintained a firm and unyielding piety throughout the trying ordeal; never wavering in the essential elements of religious experience although counted a heretic by her pastor and her brethren. The last fifty years have changed the whole temper of Protestant Christianity in respect to the boundaries between Christian bodies. The differentiations of sect have not been obliterated; but the old intolerance has given way. Old hostilities have subsided. Religion has been accustoming itself to expressions of active life through other avenues than by dogmatic judgments. May I be allowed to mention here the name of my kinsman, who all his life claimed to be of you and for you, Bishop Frederick Dan Huntington, whose memory you cherish and whose distinguished career Hadley is glad to feel belongs in part to her, as sharing in his fame. This noble son of Hadley expressed in a large and generous way the religious consciousness that has dwelt all these generations in the central life of this people. He grew to manhood in this valley,

knew these meadows and hills as a vigorous boy is sure to know every nook and corner of his neighborhood. He was a scholar of Hopkins Academy, a graduate of Amherst College. He missed no note of gladness sung by birds or winds. Every changing glory of these skies and mountains he watched and felt. The æsthetic side of nature, of human life, of religion, appealed to his heart with great power. "He had a genius for religion," as one of his clerical friends once wrote of him, and the "beauty of holiness" made itself manifest to his spiritual vision in such a way that all his interpretations of religious truth bore the impress of *the beautiful*.

His voice was mellow, his eyes rich and full of light; his sympathies ever deep and abundant. In all moral judgments he was quick and pronounced. He was not afraid to denounce wickedness in high places, nor did he hesitate to tell his neighbors if he saw things among them that he thought should be rebuked. He would not allow a single tobacco plant to grow on his "Forty Acres" and was not backward in saying why! His was a Puritan type of conscience, mellowed, however, in his judgment of others by a warm and genial nature. He loved simplicity in character as he admired modesty and economy in household taste and arrangements. He believed in the kind of Christian faith that moves in common life, is abundant in labors for the good of men, is wholesome, cheerful, winsome; and which refreshes itself constantly by a vital contact with the Father of Spirits and the God of all grace and truth. He told me once that it cost him almost a mortal struggle to pass from his old Unitarian connections and to adopt a Trinitarian creed as his personal faith. But, in this serious change he acted in all good conscience, and never regretted the step. He preached always, whether in Harvard Chapel as Plummer Professor, or in a mission-chapel in Boston, or in the stateliest sanctuary, with a fervent love of the truth he proclaimed. His style was elevated in language and thought, and many of his sermons are worthy to be treasured as models of sacred eloquence. Every theme he touched was ennobled by his treatment and the name of Frederick Dan Huntington will always be cherished in the community he so deeply loved and so nobly adorned by character and achievement.

Nothing in American literature is more charming to a true New Englander than the annals that reproduce for our imagination the colonial home-life as it was lived here in Hadley and elsewhere.

The typical "colonial style" of houses has a fascination for the eye in its somewhat stately proportions, its gambrel roof, its hospitable interior, its simplicity of furniture. The very architecture is expressive of the large and generous life that so often occupied these homes of that olden time. One such simple mansion of your town

built in 1752, and still in good repair, I know well; and something of the successive generations that have called it "home," I know by the stories my father and kinsfolk have told. These New England homes were well filled. Families frequently numbered ten or twelve children. Industry was therefore a cardinal and necessary virtue in those frugal times when clothing was manufactured by spinning-wheel and hand-loom; and for most of the necessities of life the dependence was upon the soil out of which they were raised, and upon busy and skilful hands. Outside and inside the house all members of the household old enough to run on errands or hold a lantern or drive cows to and from pasture, had each a separate line of duties. But it was not all drudgery. The intelligence of the New England type of men and women did not allow home-life to be mere slavery to the daily wants of the family. In the long winter season, when the call of the field was still, books and social life, and the pleasures which the young and vigorous members of associated families will naturally find, made this neighborhood anything but dull or dreary. How sweet and strong that old home-life looks to us now! Our forefathers were wise in making it pious, industrious, intelligent, full of enjoyment, peace and contentment. Can we maintain the beautiful traditions in the modern home, for our time and the time to come? Let me say that unless we are careful to do this very thing, there is serious social danger. For the home is the central institution of power in our nation. There is where character is made or unmade. The "unstable equilibrium" of which I have spoken, as a characteristic of our American society, has some alarming symptoms in reference to home-life. The club, the playhouse, travel, and something like adventure that incites young men to strike out into new enterprises in far away fields instead of following old and well known avenues of business or profession—all these are active, influential factors in our social life everywhere. So it is immensely important that the home in every possible way be exalted in the esteem of the people.

One cannot read the story of this community without understanding that for something like two centuries the inhabitants were homogeneous—in blood, in traditions, in ideals and temper. Within the past fifty years a great change has taken place; the old homesteads, many of them, have been bereft of their family lines. A new stock has come in and taken possession of homes and meadowlands. The succession of genealogies has in many cases ceased; and other families with different traditions have been planted to start new successions. Many have come from foreign lands. They remember the homes of their ancestors as regions of scarcity in the old world; but they find here a land of bounty. Their forebears in

Europe could not own their homesteads, for a landed aristocracy monopolized the soil; here they may themselves become owners of real property that is rich in productiveness and beautiful for situation. They remember that beyond seas there was little in the way of schooling for children; here there is the best of instruction almost "without money and without price" for every child. There, under the limitations of kingcraft or of nobility and class distinctions, the individual of lowly birth does not count for much; here is a country and a civilization whose fundamental principles esteem every man at his real value.

If you are "to the manner born," of course you love the ancient principles out of which your history was made. If you are adopted citizens and know this history, not because your fathers made it, but because you have learned it by books and by story, then let me appeal to you, and ask you to take not only the opportunities that this town offers you for making good homes, good farms and a good living; but to take also the higher bequest which the history of this valley people bestows upon you.

Remember the tradition of civil responsibility that a long line of fine citizenship has brought to you. Remember that this town is part of a noble Commonwealth and of a great nation. You are challenged by a lofty ideal of citizenship in this new world, to act well your part as townsmen, as voters at the ballot-box, as heirs in a great heritage of political well-being which did not come without sacrifice and even the shedding of precious blood. The Academy is now yours to love, to cherish and maintain as a common heritage for all, and the place where your sons and daughters are to learn not only the fundamentals of true knowledge, but also the elements of true citizenship. Whatever your race stock may be, this school stands for American ideals, American culture, American character, which your children must have, if they are to act well their part in the places they are to fill in this new world.

There is another institution that has been fostered here throughout all this period of twenty-five decades, whose roots have been firmer and more vital for the community here than those of your stately elms whose graceful forms and sheltering canopies have given distinction to your village; that is the Christian church. We cannot think of Hadley as anything but Christian in its habit and character. The sturdy conscience, the upright conduct, the "even-handed justice" for which the forefathers stood, and by which they regulated their households and their town, are cardinal principles still, and we cannot think them outgrown or unnecessary for us.

Christianity is more than anything else in this world the binding power that will hold communities together in the bonds of peace



Northampton float



Hatfield float



Queen of the Fairies

and brotherhood; and many of the sainted men and women whose ashes sleep in yonder cemetery, if they could speak to you today, would tell you that the best things they gathered out of life in Hadley were those which the Christian religion, the Christian homes and the Christian sanctuary inculcated.

THE ANNIVERSARY POEM

By John Howard Jewett

Hail to the loyal—home gathered
today,
Proud heirs of the past, with gar-
lands to lay
On Hadley's home altar, our dear
mother-town,
Whose twelve score and ten we
lovingly crown.

We who have wandered afar from
her fold;
We who have lingered with her to
grow old;
The present and absent, our gar-
lands entwine
With loyal home-love for dear
Hadley's shrine.

Bringing the homage true lovers may
pay;
Dreaming of mother-songs, as chil-
dren may;
Clinging to memories left us to
cheer—
Ever abiding and growing more dear.

Leaves from the past, long adrift on
life's stream;
Visions of boyhood that come like a
dream
Where'er her far-wand'ring children
may roam—
Echoing still the old heart-songs of
home.

* * * * *

Why count the years, or centuries,
between
The dawns long past, the mile-
stones on the way,

Or raise the curtain on the hallowed
scene
Of yesterday's pale cypress crown,
or bay,—
Why bid the wanderers dream again
today?

Time's new today, that blots out
things that were
With strides of world-wide pro-
gress, leaves behind
The landmarks of old years—and
thus with her
Our mother-town, we come again to
find,
Is not the same—or else old eyes are
blind.

The brief half-century since we
gathered here,
To honor Hadley's bi-centennial
day,
Has wrought so many changes, year
by year,
The old-time Hadley now seems
far away—
The autumn's haze enshrining
dreams of May.

This new today, that points re-
turning eyes
To modern Hadley's new-achieved
renown—
Late triumphs of her civic enterprise
Proclaims her still the valley's
banner-town,
On which her mountains proudly
still look down.

Who dared to dream in eighteen
fifty-nine—

The while we ferried to North-
ampton's shore—

A railroad, and electric trolley line,
And telephones would span the
chasm o'er,
Where bridges three defy the
freshet's roar.

Who ventured then the wonder to
foresee

Of mountain streams supplanting
pumps and wells;

Fire engines and a valiant company
Responsive to the clang of fire bells;
How proudly now the Hadley
bosom swells.

The Hopkins Fund restored, to build
anew

Our old Academy—in ashes laid;
The mother-seat of learning, that
can view

With pride the noble record she has
made,

Still weaving chaplets while the
centuries fade.

Whose broad, prophetic vision then
foretold

A Public Library, modern-housed
and free,

On Squire Kellogg's elm-crowned
lawn of old?

Yet there was one who hoped, and
lived to see

Love's labor crowned—the sapling
grown a tree.

What need to name him here, where
each and all

Revere the memory of that loyal
man;

The faithful servant, true, to ev'ry
call,

The country Doctor—God bless all
the clan

Who live to serve, to help and nobly
plan.

Among the visions of the past that
cheer,

"How beautiful upon the moun-
tains," still

The messengers of His glad tidings
here,—

The long-time pastors, servants of
His will,

Whose beacon lights their missions
yet fulfill.

They who were with us fifty years
ago,

Whose gracious presence here we
miss today;

The fearless Woodbridge—still with
zeal aglow,

Returned to bless us on his whit'n-
ing way—

A second Edwards of a later day.

The bravely gentle Ayres, whose
patient grace

Exemplified "the life and light and
way."

The faithful Beaman, born to fill the
place

That crowned his life-work; others
missed today—

Our grateful mem'ries wreathe
them all with bay.

The poets twain, who woke their
tuneful lyres

With lofty chords;—we listen now
in vain

For gifted Porter's songs of altar
fires;

For "Heart of Hadley"—Holland's
pulsed refrain—

Yet ringing on their echoes still
remain.

On yonder boulder graded, a name
we know,

Emblazoned on his country's scroll
of fame;

The veteran of two wars, our
"Fighting Joe,"

Whose birthplace here his towns-
men proudly claim—
Brave General Joseph Hooker's
honored name.

One tribute more; good Bishop
Huntington—
United here all hearts, their pæons
raise—

Old Hadley's ever loving, loyal
son,
To know him was to love him and
to praise,
As he loved Hadley all his lengthened
days.

The strong-souled ministers, the
manly men,
The noble womanhood whose
patient grace
Made glad the wayside—bravely
now as then—
Have left their mantles all, that we
may trace,
Their foot-prints here—a Bible-
loving race.

Like gleams of sunshine when gray
clouds o'ercast,
Like star-shine piercing through a
darkened sky,
Undimmed they beckon—still the
echoes last;
"O grave, where is thy victory?"
they cry;
The dayspring dawns on love that
cannot die.

* * * * *

"Thou beautiful Old Time, now
hid away
In the Past's valley of Avilion—"
'Twere vain to call thee back, or bid
thee stay,
If all our high resolves have with
thee gone,
Nor inspirations left to cheer us on!

Perchance of sterner stuff, the race of
old
Who vanquished foes without, and
foes within;
Whose shibboleth was neither fame
nor gold,
Or power achieved by compromise
with sin;
But "Light as given us"—heard
above the din.

To glean their harvest fields is not
enough—
Today still reaps what yesterdays
have sown;
The brave soul wins, however long
or rough
The paths that upward lead—as
they have shown—
No light is wholly lost the world has
known.

The grand old mountains echo back
the word;
Their benedictions still the valley
shares;
The list'ning elms repeat what erst
they heard—
We glimpse today a broader field
than theirs,
And draw a deeper breath in wider
airs.

With noble living hail these later
days—
Be worthy, sons of Hadley, of your
sires;
Make glad our Zion here with songs
of praise,
And while His blessings crown your
heart's desires,
Still keep aglow our sacred altar-
fires!

* * * * *

All hail, to Hadley's past—her
pledge and pride;
Rejoice today with heart, and pen,
and voice;

Tomorrow's vista opens fair and
wide—
The home of "piety and learning's"
choice
Shall claim its own—"Again I say
rejoice!"

* * * * *

The curtain of the past rolls back
once more;—
The ranks are forming, Civil War's
begun.
"To Arms! To Arms!" rings out
from shore to shore—
The voice of Lincoln heard in
"Sixty-one."

The tragic story of those fateful
years
Needs no recounting here, while
hearts are true;
'Twere better silence and unbidden
tears
Should crown the mem'ry of "Our
Boys in Blue"

Who died, the Union and the Flag to
save,
Or, one by one have fallen by the
way,
Till few remain of all that Hadley
gave—
Now veteran comrades old, and
worn and gray.

A nation's gratitude their deeds
enshrine;
A reunited country seals their task;
"They loved the Flag"—aye, pass it
down the line—
'Tis all the glory brave defenders
ask.

In silence let their benediction fall
Upon us here—while we our
tributes pay
To those who dared to risk life's
little all,
To win the glorious peace that
crowns Today.

Forget them not; the humblest
grass-grown mound,
Unmarked save by a weather-
beaten rag
To guide us when Memorial Day
comes 'round—
Pleads comradeship with all who
"Loved the Flag!"

* * * * *

The homes of Old Hadley,
The elm-bowered Hadley,
Whose meadow and mountain
Still sing of the past;
Our beautiful Hadley,
Our time-honored Hadley,
The well-spring and fountain
Of loves that outlast
The wreaths we so gladly—
Or, mayhap, so sadly,
Entwine for her crowning—
The past with today.

And we who have known her,
How proudly we own her
Our birthplace and haven
Wherever we stray.
God bless our dear Hadley,
The peace-breathing Hadley—
Fond memory's Beulah
Fair home of the blest—
The homes of Old Hadley,
The children of Hadley,
The mounds in God's-acre,
And all we love best.

THE HADLEY YET TO BE

Confided by the oldest inhabitant to John Howard Jewett

If you're the man that's goin' to write
About the day we celebrate,
I shouldn't wonder if I might
Help you to bring things down to
date;
Seein' as how there's been a lot
Of progress hereabouts of late,
An' we old-timers you've forgot
May know some things wuth while
to state.

You've noticed mebee we've got room
Right here to grow and multiply,
An' only waitin' f'r a boom
To beat th' record high an' dry.
We've got suburban sites down fine—
A bee-line layout from th' bridge,
Five mile along the trolley-line
Due east nigh up to Amherst ridge.

Our land is soil, the richest kind
For crops or villas—can't be beat;
An' our home-lots, as you will find,
Are wider than a city street.
Don't hev' to wait f'r trees to grow,
They've been allowed to sprout and
stay;
Where can you match that double
row
Of elms and maples, by the way?

Our fertile medders on the west,
An' rural suburbs south and east,
From river to the mountain's crest—
Would map out large, to say the
least,
For town-sites like those now-a-days
I've read about, an' heard folks
talk;
A bigger place as our land lays
Than Boston was, or old New
York.

Meanwhile there's a growin' outside
call
For all the crops that can be raised;

Stock markets they can rise an' fall
An' not upset us—Lord be praised.
"The tall brown corn," that uster
pay,
All petered out some years ago;
Tobacco's headin' that same way—
The Trusts want all the cream, you
know.

But that don't matter—not a red—
Since farmer-folks at last have
struck
The right idee—the world is fed,
Or mostly so, on garden truck.
There's money in it for the man
Who feeds the toilin' multitood,
Who knows enough to work an'
plan
An' not sit round to kick or brood.

No hankerin' here f'r factory smudge
With all the fuss the Unions
make;
Our folk weren't born to slave or
drudge,
Or go on strikes to get more
cake.
There's health an' happiness right
here
For just a fair amount of toil,
An' life's wuth livin', year by
year,
When clus to nater and the soil.

Good place to raise a family
Wuth raisin'; bein' brought up
right;
Good schoolin' and society—
A new Academy in sight;
Three colleges in neighborin' towns,
An' not too far away from home;
A grand old Church the center
crowns,
With one for those who lean to
Rome.

Just look things over, while you're	F'r fortune's smile, nor fear her
here—	frown;
Size up the outlook—put it	Prosperity now pints this way
straight—	An' Hadley's ready—put that down
We want no high-falutin' sneer—	With all the rest, and now—good
We've got the goods an' we can wait	day.

GREETINGS FROM BERKSHIRE

By Hon. Allen T. Treadway, President of the Massachusetts Senate

Senator Treadway expressed his good wishes for the glorious old town and said there was a close bond of sympathy between the Connecticut and Housatonic valleys, in the latter of which is his home. These valleys are made one by relationship and by the glory they add to old Massachusetts and to the western section which all love. It is well, he said, to recall the past, but our children are our hope. We should be careful that the rising generations are cared for as the ancestors of this generation cared for it. If this is done it will redound to the credit of Hadley, and to that of state and country. "Long may you prosper" were his closing words.

GREETINGS FROM HARTFORD

By Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, pastor of the mother church

The present celebration is like the last scene of a long romance. When Hartford had been established on the Connecticut for about a generation she found in her home a daughter with opinions of her own. As is often the case, in spite of the parent's attempts to smooth things over, the daughter took matters into her own hands, climbed out of the back window and eloped to set up housekeeping for herself. The back window was then Wethersfield. Hartford, settled by people who had come to Connecticut for religious freedom, was embarrassed that some of their own number couldn't find this religious liberty right there in their midst. But Hartford is ready now to open the door and forgive the eloping daughter. As the years have passed, Hadley's children and grandchildren have been returning to the old home, telling of her happiness and prosperity. You are forgiven. If the fact of that elopement has checked Hadley's growth in the last 250 years, let it check it no longer; if it has saddened Hadley's heart, let her heart be saddened no longer. Hartford forgives Hadley and is proud of the girl who stole out of the back window.

And Hartford is grateful to Hadley for the men and women she has sent into the city's life. Upon these small towns much still depends for the city's moral strength and resource of character. The celebrations of this character remind us of the essen-

tial part the old New England town has played in the life of the nation, even though that part be not so prominent in the future. We are assured that the permanence of the nation depends upon the qualities developed in the old New England town, and if ever the nation loses out of the music of its national life the splendid tone of New England character she will be so moved as to fall.

GREETINGS FROM WETHERSFIELD

By Rev. George L. Clark

Wethersfield, the elderly mother of the fair and radiant Hadley, sendeth greeting. We are proud of our comely daughter and happy to join the pageant.

We used to sing at Amherst, "I am dreaming now of Hadley." It was not "Old Hadley;" but that charming daughter of yours, one of whose daughters has been the chief joy of my life. Today you seem scarcely less beautiful to me than the girls whose smiles and glancing eyes drew us prosy students over the mountain.

We thought you a little uppish when you left us, but all anger has long since been lost in admiration of the Puritan principles of love for freedom, education and righteousness which you have so nobly shown. We have always loved you. Even when we disagreed with you, we loved and respected the depth and power of your convictions.

When the midnight yell of the savages floated down the river, when the tomahawk smote your brave children, our hearts thrilled with pain. Your sons and ours stood side by side at Trenton, Gettysburg and Antietam. I suppose you were glad to get away from the old home. The mother down the river seemed a little crusty. It was because she was a Puritan and stood stiffly by her principles as you stood by yours. A story may illustrate how you felt two centuries and a half ago.

In 1765 we heard that Jared Ingersoll, stamp collector for the crown, was to pass through Wethersfield. We met him with several hundred mounted men, took him to the Broad Street tavern, compelled him to resign his office, then escorted him to Hartford, where he read his resignation at the government building. On the back of his white horse Jared did some thinking, for when asked how he felt he said: "I never before understood that verse in Revelation which speaks of 'Death on a pale horse, with hell following after.'"

This is your season for worthy pride and noble joy, but let me remind you that the old mother down the Connecticut has done

something besides raise onions. Her company reached Bunker Hill as soon as yours. Her Silas Deane was member of the first Continental Congress and he was sent to Europe as the first commissioner to enlist aid there. He pushed through the treaty with France, bought military supplies in time for Saratoga and persuaded Steuben to come from the German army to teach us the tactics of Frederick the Great. In our famous old Webb House, General Washington, after a dinner of Connecticut River shad, planned the Yorktown campaign.

But this is your day and we greet you. We are proud of you. We rejoice in your beauty and wide influence. We hail you, daughter Hadley, glorious mother of colleges and men. May your future be still more glorious than your past.

GREETINGS

By John Gough Sutton

A descendant in the eighth generation of Goffe, the regicide

I can bear witness that Hadley has lost none of its spirit of hospitality in the 250 years that have elapsed since it entertained my worthy ancestors, Goffe and Whalley. The fact that I have come over 1,000 miles to be with you today will be sufficient evidence that I wanted to come. Edward Whalley was Goffe's father-in-law, hence my relationship to both. Sir William Goffe was son of a preacher among the Puritans and became a general in the army of the commonwealth. Edward Whalley, was also a general and they both signed the death warrant of Charles I. Upon the restoration of Charles II, their estates were confiscated and they escaped to New England. They landed in Boston, July, 1660, and resided near Cambridge where they had attention paid them and were visited by the principal inhabitants. They were known to have been the king's judges, but the news of the restoration had not yet reached America. When the proclamation in which they were excluded by name from the king's mercy was read in Boston, they retired to New Haven, where they were concealed by their friends, at first in a cave. During their stay in Hadley the most memorable Indian war of New England took place. The town of Hadley was attacked by the Indians, the men took up arms and attempted a defense, when a stranger of venerable aspect suddenly appeared among them. He rallied them and led them to the charge, routed the Indians and saved the town. It was Goffe. He returned to his concealment, from which he had never ventured before, and it was not known until after his death that he was the deliverer. Whalley was then in his second childhood and died within a short time. Goffe is supposed to have



Old stagecoach and buggy



The bridal couple

lived ten years afterward in solitude. He had kept up a correspondence with his wife (who remained in England with their infant son, James) under the assumed names of Walter and Francis Goldsmith. The particulars of the rescue of the settlers may be found in J. Fenimore Cooper's book, "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish." There is good ground for inference that Whalley was buried in the cellar of Parson Russell's house. Probably Goffe was buried in the same cellar.

Sir William Goffe's son when he grew up changed the spelling of his name to Gough. At that time the name of Goffe in England was not as popular as it seems now to be in Hadley. James Goffe, son of Sir William, joined the society of Friends or Quakers. Sir William's great grandson, the Quaker historian and mathematician, moved to Ireland in 1740; consequently my claim to the good old Irish blood that I am very proud of. Your chairman sent the last of the Goughs in Ireland an urgent request to come over and represent the family. This he could not do, so urged me to come, which I have gladly done.

GREETINGS FROM NORTHAMPTON

By Mayor James W. O'Brien

It is a pleasure as the representative of your near neighbor, to extend the greetings of the City of Northampton, to Hadley on her 250th Anniversary.

You have cause to feel proud of this celebration and the excellent manner in which it has been conducted, and you have my hearty congratulations. From our early school days we are familiar with the historical events, of which this old town has been the scene, and as we gaze today upon your rich and fertile fields, with their plentiful crops, and the many other evidences of a prosperous community, we behold the accomplishment of the end, for which your forefathers on this very soil fought and died. The same New England courage and perseverance that enabled the early settlers to overcome their difficulties, enabled their descendants to establish this most beautiful town in this most beautiful valley.

You sons and daughters of old Hadley have reason to be proud of the town of your birth, and likewise, too, old Hadley has reason to be proud of many of her sons and daughters, who have reflected glory on the old town.

May continued prosperity and happiness be the lot of old Hadley and her children, and may the same cordial relations always exist between her and her big sister across the river.

*GREETINGS FROM GRANBY**By W. A. Taylor*

I am commissioned to bring to the grandmother town of Hadley on this festive occasion the greetings of her little granddaughter town of Granby. "Granby"—do I hear some one say, "just where is Granby?" Go with me to the top of the mountain yonder and look at the villages nestled at its base; pick out the prettiest one among them all, and that will be Granby. Or we can locate the town by telling strangers it is near Hadley; for who in all the land has not heard of the things for which Hadley is famous? Who has not heard of the regicides, of the Hadley angel, of good old Parson Russell, of the birthplace of the great and good Bishop Huntington, and of the gallant soldier, Joe Hooker?

It is glory enough for Granby to be nestled under the wing of her dear old grandmother and shine with a borrowed light; and yet, our light is not entirely a borrowed one—we have many good things of our own over there. The autoists think we have good roads. We have good schools, as three recent graduates of a New England college, who fitted in our local High School, can testify. We have good farms, none better all up and down the valley; and best of all, we have good men and women. This human product has been tremendously drawn upon within the last fifty years to fill up the cities and towns of the Connecticut Valley and places more remote. We have sent out doctors and lawyers and ministers and teachers and tradesmen and farmers, but we have lots of good people left. Granby was named from the Marquis of Granby, who was commander-in-chief of the British army when the town was incorporated in 1768. It is distinctively an agricultural town with dairying a specialty. Half the Holyoke babies are brought up on Granby milk and the other half is a puny lot. It's the old cow that stands between us and the traditional wolf at the door. In closing, I wish to emphasize Granby's greeting to Hadley, and congratulate her on her historic past and her auspicious future. Men live and languish and die, but towns and cities, like Tennyson's brook, "go on forever," growing young as the years speed by. And so long as the river yonder flows to the sea will Hadley stand on its banks, a living monument to progress, to truth and righteousness and all that is ennobling and uplifting in human life and character.

*GREETINGS FROM DEERFIELD**By Rev. R. E. Birks*

Mr. Birks said that he hoped the people at the Hadley celebration had heard the tribute to John Russell which George Sheldon of

Deerfield, the famous historian of the Connecticut Valley, wrote. He thought that there never was a better tribute to anyone written by a man of 91 years. He spoke of the Bloody Brook massacre, in which eight women of the congregation of which Mr. Birks is now pastor were made widows and 24 children made orphans. The first help came from Hadley and Hatfield. The old cemetery overlooking the Deerfield river contains the graves of some of the Hadley men who went to the rescue. "We rejoice with you in your rejoicings, as we suffered with you in your sufferings."

GREETINGS FROM NEWBURYPORT

By Dr. H. C. Hovey

Dr. Hovey is a descendant of Daniel Hovey, an early settler at Hadley, and is president of the Daniel Hovey association, which has records of over 4,000 descendants of this ancestor. He told a little of the life of old Daniel Hovey, who survived the Brookfield massacre with two of his sons, a third being killed there. They settled in Hadley, although the father went back to his former home at Ipswich to die. "The story of those old times," he said, "comes down with a splendid sheen. The many descendants of those old settlers of Hadley went all over the country and beyond it, carrying out streams of influence. The whole United States and the world has thus an interest in Hadley."

GREETINGS FROM HATFIELD

By Charles K. Morton

It seems fit and proper that one who is descended from several of the first settlers of Hadley and Hatfield and from no other source, should bring to you the congratulations and the good wishes of the inhabitants of Hatfield who are pleased to join with you in honoring the memory of our common ancestry.

It is a little difficult to determine the exact relationship between the two towns. There are indications that the settlers on the west side of the river regarded this town that they were forming as the twin sister of Hadley, though the christening of Hatfield was somewhat delayed. In 1658, the inhabitants of Northampton had purchased a fertile tract of land of its Indian owners called "Capawonk Meadows." This was located upon both sides of the river, at a considerable distance from their settlement. They offered to give this to the Hartford men for a small payment in "pease and oats." The most important condition imposed was that the Hartford men should settle both sides of the river and inhabit by the following May.

Town governments were established on both sides at nearly the same time and each governed their precincts mostly independent of the other.

The early New England town meeting, was I believe, the purest and best form of democratic government that this country has ever seen. It was a government by the majority in which the rights of the minority were amply protected. A full attendance of the male inhabitants was insured. No earnest appeal was sent (as now) by the candidates for office to the voters to come out and exercise their right of suffrage. They knew a better way. It was voted in 1662, that those who had been legally warned of a meeting and failed to attend should forfeit one shilling, and that those who were one-half hour late or left before the end without permission should forfeit sixpence.

Few realize that the question whether the Province of Massachusetts Bay should join with the other Colonies in declaring themselves independent of Great Britain was settled in the town meetings, but not by a unanimous vote. We have learned to respect to some extent the caution of several of the representatives of the leading families in Hatfield who, as they had prospered under the King and were large landholders, were loath to cut loose from the mother country. However, they were not allowed to obstruct. Prominent citizens were sent to a conference at Concord and it was voted "that in case the Congress should think it necessary for the safety of the American United Colonies to declare themselves independent of Great Britain, the inhabitants of the town of Hatfield with their lives and fortunes would solemnly engage to support them in the measure." Later, men were sent with "donations for the poor in Boston who were suffering in the common cause."

We venerate the memory of the war governor during the Rebellion. We are proud of the record of the Commonwealth during that war, but it should not be forgotten that the towns furnished what was most essential, the volunteers. I remember the patriotic speeches of the older citizens in town meeting, who with tears running down their cheeks pledged their last dollar to the support of the Union and sent their boys to the front. They made liberal offers of support for the families of those who might fall, which enabled the married men to go. These promises were faithfully kept.

Citizens of Hadley, our fathers fought the common enemy side by side. We share the same traditions. Whoever writes the history of those times must depend largely on tradition. He must not expect to find that his heroes were followed about by stenographers or newspaper correspondents, but must credit them with doing reasonable things if tradition says they did. One who searches the earlier records

at Boston will learn that the first settlers were too busy making history to record it fully.

I have said we share the same traditions. We share the same problems of the present and the future. Out of a population of 2,000 a little band of four hundred contains all who can make any claim of being descendants of the first settlers of Hatfield. Last year there were ninety-two births in the town of Hatfield—the largest, I think, in the history of the town. Of that number fifty-four were of Polish parentage. I remember the first immigrants that came to Hatfield in the early fifties. Now, they and their sons are among our most thrifty and public-spirited citizens, some serve us as town officers, and their daughters teach the public schools.

There is no danger, I believe, from this later flood of immigration and the rapid increase of the newcomers, if we teach them and their children the principles of good citizenship. I have faith to believe that this town government founded in wisdom by our fathers “This government of the people by the people and for the people” will not be allowed to perish.

GREETINGS FROM WHATELY

By Rev. John P. Manwell

This is grandmother's 250th birthday and we are proud to think that we are a grandchild. We are sorry that our mother, Hatfield, is not quite sure whether she is a sister or a daughter. We like to think that we are a granddaughter without any doubt or hesitation.

We are young, not quite 150 years old yet. Years count in the age of a man but only centuries in the age of a town. We are little as everyone knows, little in population, little in territorial extent. There was a time when our hillside stream was dotted with factories, and we were something of a manufacturing town. But one by one the wheels turned by the mountain stream were stilled and the harness left to decay amid its woodland beauty. However, we do not complain. For what is the glory of a town? Its age? It may be if it has made good use of the intervening years. Shall we find it in its wealth? Wealth will erect beautiful buildings and construct fine highways and spin on them in its automobile; but there is something more important. Shall we put the glory of a town in the string of figures by which its population is enumerated? A Gideon does not feel that an army of 3,000 is necessarily better than an army of 300. Results depend far more upon quality than upon quantity. And for developing this quality we think there are advantages in the small town. Responsibility tends to develop manhood, and manifestly there is more responsibility devolving upon the individual man when

he is one of a hundred than when he becomes one of a thousand. Then there is a more intimate knowledge of government and public affairs when a man is a larger fraction of the general public.

There was once a minister of our town who became famous by reason of a certain trenchant remark he once made. It was a time when the righteousness of raising tobacco was a much mooted question; and when asked his opinion in regard to it, he said he didn't care what his people raised so long as they raised his salary. Now we do not think it matters what is raised in our fields provided only we raise men; and that we are doing.

GREETINGS FROM SOUTH HADLEY

By Eugene H. Lyman

It is with pleasure that I bring here today the greetings of South Hadley, the second daughter town, the more especially as it is my good fortune to claim this grand old town as the place of my birth, and the home of my ancestors for generations; and also because I was present at the anniversary celebration fifty years ago.

It is said that when some of the young people were about to leave the old home in Hadley and make for themselves homes in the woods to the south of the mountains, their parents wept and prayed over them; and some of the old men, who had always cultivated these broad and fertile meadows, shook their heads and wondered if they could get a living on the uplands down there.

But they did get a living, hewed farms and homes out of the forest, and founded a town on those sandy hills that was destined to be one of the most beautiful in this valley, and in honor of the mother, they named it South Hadley. Perhaps I cannot describe to you better the condition of things in South Hadley today than to bring to your attention the great seal of the town. The central figure in that seal is a representation of the old Mt. Holyoke Seminary, founded by Mary Lyon, now grown into Mt. Holyoke College, with its fine grounds, splendid buildings and equipment, noted and honored the length and breadth of this land and in other lands. The second figure in that seal represents the products of the soil; for we have some fine farms and some splendid farmers. The next figure shows one of our great mills; for we have some manufactories there of which any town may well be proud. Then comes the motto, "Education, Agriculture, Manufactures." These three make a combination that will make any town noted, prosperous, and rich, and that is what South Hadley stands for today. As the daughter comes up here to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the mother, she is glad

to find the old mother so full of vigor, youth and beauty; and the mother may also be justly proud of the success, reputation, and standing in the world of the daughter.

GREETINGS FROM SUNDERLAND

By J. Albert Montague

Mr. Montague told something of the history of the settlement of Sunderland and its separation from Hadley. It never had success until the old name of Swampfield was changed to the more euphonious one of Sunderland. From Sunderland have been set off Leverett, the larger part of Montague, and a portion of Wendell. He spoke of the fine library the town has, its trolley line, clear water, gas and electric lights, and said that its people felt it to be almost a model town.

GREETINGS FROM AMHERST

By Frank A. Hosmer

Amherst offers tribute today to the mother town of Hadley. She rejoices in your anniversary and wishes you prosperity—material prosperity and that higher prosperity of clean living, good government, and freedom from the saloon.

We call to mind the honorable story of Hadley's past and we may say with Daniel Webster, "The past at least is secure;" but it is the present and future with which we have to deal.

There are questions of momentous consequence to be settled not by Congress, not by any statesmen, however wise and learned, but by the sober sense of the common people. Questions economic, of capital and labor, of distribution, of taxation, of the use and the abuse of protection, questions political, questions national and international are to be settled by the people actuated by two laws—they command the love of God and the love of man. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. They contain the basic principle of Christianity, they are the basic principle of our civilization. Government of and for and by the people is secure as long as the church, the schools and colleges, the press and all institutions that are for the uplifting of humanity, are true to this divine principle.



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

Financial Statement

The Treasurer of the Celebration Committee charges himself with the following Resources:—

Balance of 1908 appropriation for preliminary committee,	\$35.83
1909 Appropriation,	1,500.00
Private contributions—mainly out of town,	581.90
Licenses for space in streets during celebration,	157.65
Profit on sales of Hadley stationery and books,	51.63
	\$2,327.01

And credits his account with the following Disbursements:—

Postage,	\$85.64	
Music, chorus and bands,	272.11	
Principal orator,	100.00	
Parade committee,	221.71	
Decorations,	150.00	
Tent,	388.56	
Chairs for tent, including freight,	186.25	
Street improvement,	33.30	
Street and tent illumination,	90.00	
Guests' dinners,	136.75	
Printing,	19.25	
Sanitary expense,	56.97	
Loss in sale of official badges,	71.27	
Sundry expenses not enumerated,	323.95	
	\$2,124.78	\$2,124.78
Balance unexpended,		\$202.23

That the marvelously successful street pageant required no larger expenditure by the parade committee can be explained only by calling attention to the very generous contributions of time and money by men and women in every village and street in the town and to the elaborate displays made by four daughter and four sister towns. The committee's acknowledgments are hereby given for all the assistance received throughout the celebration and the weeks of preparation.



Hadley Grange float



Decorated carriages



Decorated automobile

The buildings decorated with flags and bunting for the celebration included the Town Hall, First Church, Goodwin Library, Central School Building, new Hopkins Academy, Shipman's Store, Elmwood Hotel, and the homes of the following persons on West Street: Francis Reynolds, Charles Reynolds, William McGrath, Robert McQueston, James Byron, Mrs. Annie Connolly, James Regan, S. D. Smith, J. A. Crosier, Clarence Hawkes, George Gaylord, Louis Crosier, Mrs. George Clark, John Halpin, Joseph Smith, E. J. Aldrich, C. P. Wood, Joseph Paola, Mrs. Reardon, Charles Pelissier, William Keefe, Samuel R. Bell, the Lucius Crain house, and the "Wellworth."

On Middle Street: Dr. Frank H. Smith, Rev. T. A. Emerson, William Walsh, Miss Agnes Ayres, Elam Allen, Adolph Pelissier, R. H. Horton, Henry Burt, L. D. Smith, L. A. Gardner, Ansel Richardson, R. L. Cook, James Burke, Patrick Keating, Austin Cook, Nicholas Powers, John Mahoney, George Newton, Thomas Burke, L. E. Crosier, George Marsh, James McGrath, Samuel Shaw.

On Russell Street: H. S. Shipman, R. L. Gaylord, Reuben Bell, T. D. Morton, H. L. Waite, F. D. Sanders, Monroe Sanderson, Jason Lyman, George Richette, John Maynard.

On New Boston Street: J. R. Callahan.

The Sunday Morning Service in North Hadley was conducted by Rev. J. W. Lane, the pastor, assisted by Rev. J. D. Willard, grandson of Mr. Lane's predecessor, Rev. W. H. Beaman. A solo was sung by Miss May Phillips, whose mother was organist of the church 30 years ago. At the close of the morning worship a memorial service was held in the cemetery.

The big tent which sheltered such a large number of people during the four days of the celebration was 60 years old, though it was so well preserved that no one would have suspected it was not comparatively new. When it was 25 years old it was in service at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. It was used at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893; and it served in San Francisco as one of the shelters for those made homeless by the great earthquake.

The Genealogical Committee worked for months preceding the anniversary to be ready to assist visitors in tracing their ancestry back to the original 63 settlers on both sides of the river. A gilt star for each of the pioneers whom the person registering could claim as an ancestor was gummed to the person's badge. A little four months old infant from North Amherst secured 29 such stars. The children of Dr. and Mrs. Smith of Hadley had 28 stars to their credit; and there were many other badges exhibiting over 20 stars.

The principal address fifty years ago was delivered by Bishop Huntington; and it is interesting to note that we are indebted for the principal address on the present occasion to a son of Rev. William Huntington, the Bishop's eldest brother.

A cannon which boomed at sunrise on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday added to the liveliness of the celebration. It was bought especially for this purpose by Robert McQuestion. The gun originally had a place in some old fort in York State, but for many years was owned by the well-known collector of antiquities, Waldo Whitcomb of Northampton. Mr. Whitcomb was in the habit of lending it, in charge of some person who could be trusted to use it judiciously, to the "boys" whenever elections or Fourth of July or other public occasion seemed to call for an expression of feeling in a superlative amount of noise. The firing in Hadley was done under the expert direction of John Pelissier who has seen service in the United States Navy in the Philippines. He and his helpers, in their enthusiasm the first morning, charged the gun so heavily that when they fired it the carriage was broken. However, it was hustled off to a repair shop and by night was ready for duty again. On Monday and Tuesday it was fired on the road to the cemetery, and Wednesday on Russell Street. A single report was supposedly sufficient to assure the sunrise, but the gunners added one or two extra discharges that there might be no mistake about it. The climax came Wednesday morning when the gun was taken to the river bank above Indian Hill and the arrival at the celebration of the party representing the governor of the state was given an official salute of 17 shots.

The rising of the sun on Wednesday was also encouraged by the ringing of the bells in the First and Russell Churches, and the ardor of the ringers can be judged by the fact that it is affirmed they would be ringing yet if the celebration authorities had not stopped them at the end of about half an hour. Mr. Allen Nash of Worcester was responsible for the pealing notes from the belfry of the old First Church and his contemporaries at once recognized his handiwork which none of the modern generation could hope to rival.

At a meeting of the First Church Parish held soon after the celebration a vote was passed accepting the gift of a clock for the church spire. A contract was made with the Seth Thomas Clock Company for five hundred dollars, and the installation will be completed before this book reaches the public.

Portions of the former clock are preserved. It is not recorded when this earlier timepiece was put in place, but many persons remember that it was too badly worn to be reliable a half century ago.

God of Our Fathers--A Hadley Hymn

Words and Music by Clarence Hawkes

mf

God of the Pil-grim and the Pur-i-tan, Who writ-est man-dates on the hearts of
Lord God what cour-age had thy men of old, Strength-ened by Thee, how stout their hearts and
They sought not wealth, they sought not pow'r nor fame, The con-queror's spoil was not for what they

f *mf* *ritard*

men: Thou wert Je-ho-vah when the world be-gan. For-ev-er Thou art God, a-
bold. They launched their bark up-on an un-known flood, With-out a chart, a sea of
came; But driv-en hence by per-se-cu-tion's rod, To seek new homes and wor-ship

somewhat quicker

men, a-men. We meet to-day with thank-ful hearts and
sol-i-tude. They set their feet up-on an un-known
Si-nai's God. Some wan-dered far and in a fer-til-
e

ff *mf*

free, loy-al to coun-try and loy-al, God, to Thee, To feed the flames and keep a-
strand, wild, weird and des-o-late on ev'-ry hand, And wind and wave did thun-der
vale Nor-wot-tuck built and build-ed not to fail. Her na-tal year to-day we

f *ritard*

live the fires, Up-on the sa-cred hearth-stones of our sires.
shriek and moan To drown their pray'rs a-scend-ing to God's throne.
rel-e-brate, God save Nor-wot-tuck and the old Bay State!

A Song of Hadley

Words by Julia Taft Bayne

Music by Clifton Johnson

1. In the sto - ry of the a - ges, Told by po - ets and by sa - ges -
 2. Where the long, bright riv - er go - ing South - ward claps thee in its flow - ing,
 3. Tell of Had - ley's old - en glo - ry, Tell the res - cue an - gel's sto - ry -
 4. May the cent - uries soft - ly sweeping Hold thee in their ten - der keep - ing,

cres. *dim.*

Where the world's great cit - ies shine On im - per - ish - a - ble pa - ges -
 Sit - ting in thine an - cient seat, Thou art reap - ing of thy sow - ing
 How were saved the church and town In the blood - y In - dian fo - ray -
 Moth - er of a wide - spread race! Where thy stor - ied dead are sleep - ing

Stands no name more loved than thine, Dear Old Had - ley!
 With thy chil - dren round thy feet, Moth - er Had - ley!
 Tell of all her fair re - nown, Brave Old Had - ley!
 In their an - cient hon - ored place, Dear Old Had - ley!

Chorus *more animation*

And we sing thy prais - es glad - ly, Elm - bow'ed, tran - quil - Had - ley;

ritard

Let no lip sa - lute thee sad - ly, Dear Old Had - ley! Dear Old Had - ley!
 Moth - er Had - ley! Moth - er Had - ley!
 Brave Old Had - ley! Brave Old Had - ley!
 Dear Old Had - ley! Dear Old Had - ley!

